

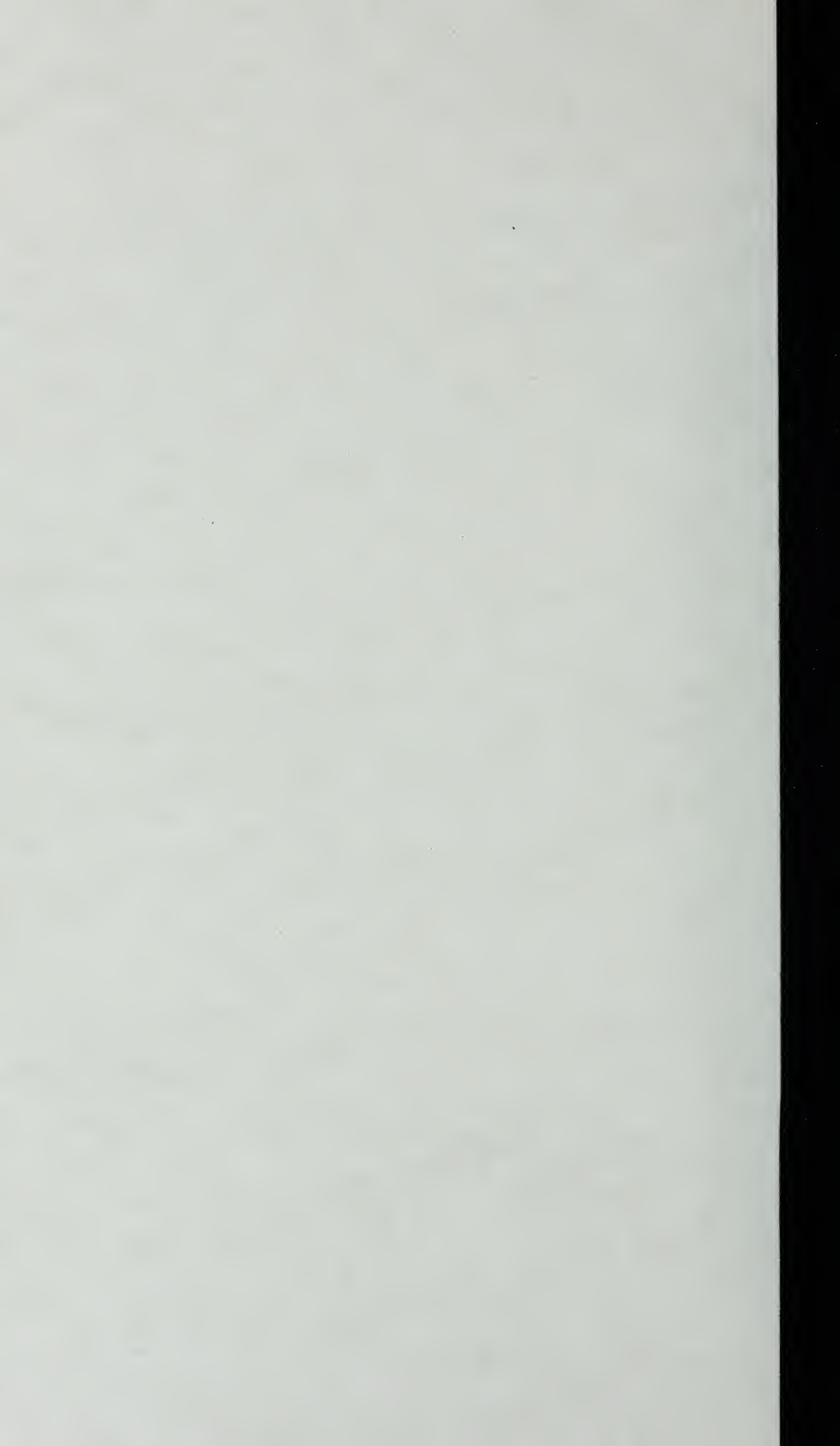
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SUPPLEMENT

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GEORGE FITCH

KNOX '97

1918

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Number 3

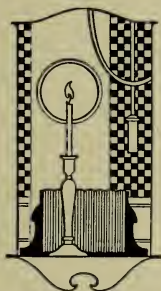


“Never in the world a sweeter, saner, more generous
and lovable human being.”

—Franklin P. Adams in N. Y. Tribune.

GEORGE FITCH

A MEMORIAL



Published by
KNOX COLLEGE
Galesburg, Illinois
1918

GEORGE HELGESEN FITCH

Born in Galva, Illinois, June 5, 1877.

Entered Knox College, 1894.

Graduated from Knox, 1897.

Worked on Galesburg *Evening Mail* and *Republican-Register*, 1897-1898.

Edited Galva *News*, 1898-1901.

Edited Fort Madison *Republican*, 1901-1902.

"Frolic of the Types" column in Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, 1902-1905.

Married Clara Gattrell Lynn at Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 5, 1904.

Peoria *Herald-Transcript*, editor and special writer, 1905-1911.

"Vest Pocket Essays" and other special work for the Adams News-paper Syndicate, 1911-1915.

Elected to Illinois Legislature, 1912.

Special writer for *Collier's Weekly*, 1914-1915.

Author of:

"The Big Strike at Siwash"—Doubleday, Page & Co., 1909.

"Golf, The Automobile, Bridge Whist"—Collier's, 1909.

"At Good Old Siwash"—Little, Brown & Co., 1911.

"My Demon Motor Boat"—Little, Brown & Co., 1912.

"Sizing Up Uncle Sam"—Frederick Stokes, 1914.

"Homeburg Memories"—Little, Brown & Co., 1915.

"Vest Pocket Essays"—Barse & Hopkins, 1916.

"Petey Simmons at Siwash"—Little, Brown & Co., 1916.

"The Twenty-four"—Little, Brown & Co., 1917.

Contributed to *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The American Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Red Book*, *Hampton's*, *Success*, *Munsey*, etc.

Died, Berkeley, California, August 9, 1915.

George Fitch

By STRICKLAND GILLILAN

A good friend journeyed to a better place.
I smiled while yet the tears were on my face,
It would have pleased him (maybe did—who knows?)
To see me smile at his earth-sojourn's close.
He had so striven to teach the world to smile—
Should we forget, in such a little while?

The chiefest reason for the smile I gave
Was not alone that he would have me brave,
But that I reveled in the thought that he
Had known, in life, he had the love of me—
I had not waited till he went away
To say the kind things I with truth could say.

So I am glad—not that my friend has gone;
But that the earth he laughed and lived upon
Was my earth, too; that I had closely known
And loved the lad, and that my love I'd shown.
Tears over his departure? Nay, a smile
That I had walked with him a little while.

Siwash and Knox

By WILLIAM EDWARD SIMONDS

I've just re-read the Siwash stories, those inimitable narratives, generously embellished, to be sure, with the hyperbole of undergraduate fun but also pungent with good-humored satire and alive with the healthy spirit of American college life. What college-trained man can follow without many a smile and chuckle these broad burlesques of campus incidents and types; fraternity intrigues and initiations; the battles on the gridiron and the exploits of football giants like Ole Skjarsen; the escapades that become tradition and grow more and more sensational with the years; the hero-worships, and the friendships that tighten in memory even when inexorable Life separates us one from another? We all know how it is. Petey Simmons, Allie Bangs, Keg Rearick, Hogboom, captain of the team, Mark Smith, the serious-minded,—we knew them when we were in Siwash, or, for that matter, we knew them when we were at Hambletonian or Middledorfer, or Kiowa. It's astonishing how many college men in the U. S. were at Siwash and affectionately claim it as their *alma mater*.

But that's a special privilege of us Knox men, in spite of what the beloved chronicler himself has to say in the preface of one of his books. Siwash grew into the great American college under Fitch's administration; that's all. We know that it was founded here on the Illinois prairie—"and Siwash is only half a day from Chicago by parlor car!" All the old grads have heard about the sewer racket that used to be practiced out on Losey Street where the highway crosses the little run in the hollow. Why, Knox men still rendezvous at the Horse Shoe Cafe; the present generation has a college song in its honor. The old army muskets with which the cadets used to drill, and which filled the heart of the Reverend Ponsonby with terror, will not be lightly dismissed from the memory of the men who bore their weight in the college ranks. "Browning Hall?" Well, we call it Whiting Hall; it's the sunshine of Siwash that gives it a brunette complexion. We did use to draw our partners by lot for class parties in the good old days, although we secure our

"dates" now in more sophisticated fashion. Even in the nineties we still followed the traditional lottery plan. It worked all right—usually. Of course this method broke up all "close corporations." This was Pauline Spencer's experience at the time of the junior party. Frankling was the "steady," and she drew Slaughter. "His father had a dairy at the edge of Jonesville and Slaughter decided that, as the night was cold and rainy, a carriage would be appropriate. So he scrubbed up the milk wagon thoroughly, put a lot of nice, clean straw on the floor, hung a lantern from the top for heat and drove her down to the party in state. She was game and didn't make a murmur, but Frankling made a pale-gray ass of himself." This is a matter of Knox history; if the real name of the ingenious youth wasn't Slaughter, it was the next thing to it. And Frank Hinkley, who went bail for the boys when the police asserted final authority, and who was the editor of the city daily, and just convalescing from four years of college life, really was—and some pages farther on in this magazine tells us how George Fitch began his journalistic career as a reporter for that same daily. In the chapter "Runaway Oratory" Gnothautii and Adelphi appear in their own composite personalities; and that ancient rivalry—which echoes yet, though feebly—strives again in all its former strength. The Shi Delts, the Fli Gams and the Eta Bitas are with us yet, although we may not have identified the Alfalfa Delts, the Chi Yi Sighs, or the Sigh Whoopsilons with any of the mystic brotherhoods more recently installed.

But Knox College, after all, does not care to deprive any sister institution of her share in the glory of Siwash. The genius of Fitch made the atmosphere and spirit of that institution too typical and too comprehensive to be segregated on the Galesburg campus. What Knox is proud of is the fact that George Fitch is one of her sons; that by the quality of his work as a writer he won a distinct and a distinguished place in literature, a unique position among American humorists; and most of all that in his life, both public and private, he exemplified standards and ideals which can bring only honor to the institution which had a part in the equipment and training for his work.

At Good Old Siwash^{*}

LITTLE did I think, during the countless occasions on which I have skipped blithely over the preface of a book in order to plunge into the plot, that I should be called upon to write a preface myself some day. And little have I realized until just now the extreme importance to the author of having his preface read.

I want this preface to be read, though I have an uneasy premonition that it is going to be skipped as joyously as ever I skipped a preface myself. I want the reader to toil through my preface in order to save him the task of trying to follow a plot through this book. For if he attempts to do this he will most certainly dislocate something about himself very seriously. I have found it impossible in writing of college days, which are just one deep-laid scheme after another, to confine myself to one plot. How could I describe in one plot the life of the student who carries out an average of three plots a day? It is unreasonable. So I have done the next best thing. There is a plot in every chapter. This requires the use of upwards of a dozen villains, an almost equal number of heroes, and a whole bouquet of heroines. But I do not begrudge the extravagance. It is necessary, and that settles it.

Then again, I want to answer in this preface a number of questions by readers who kindly consented to become interested in the stories when they appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Siwash isn't Michigan in disguise. It isn't Kansas. It isn't Knox. It isn't Minnesota. It isn't Tuskegee, Texas, or Tufts. It is just Siwash College. I built it myself with a typewriter out of memories, legends and contributed tales from a score of colleges. I have tried to locate it myself a dozen times, but I can't. I have tried to place my thumb on it firmly and say, "There, darn you, stay put." But no halfback was ever so elusive as this infernal college. Just as I have it definitely located on the Knox College campus, which I myself once infested, I look up to find it on the Kansas prairies. I surround it with infinite caution and attempt to nail it down there. In-

^{*} The Preface to Mr. Fitch's book is here reprinted with the cordial permission of Little, Brown & Company, publishers of "At Good Old Siwash" and "Petey Simmons at Siwash."

stead, I find it in Minnesota with a strong Norwegian accent running through the course of study. Worse than that, I often find it in two or three places at once. It is harder to corner than a flea. I never saw such a peripatetic school.

That is only the least of my troubles, too. The college itself is never twice the same. Sometimes I am amazed at its size and perfection, by the grandeur of its gymnasium and the colossal lines of its stadium. But at other times I cannot find the stadium at all, and the gymnasium has shrunk until it looks amazingly like the old wooden barn in which we once built up Sandow biceps at Knox. I never saw such a college to get lost in, either. I know as well as anything that to get to the Eta Beta Pie house, you go north from the old bricks, past the new science hall and past Browning Hall. But often when I start north from the campus, I find my way blocked by the stadium, and when I try to dodge it, I run into the Alfalfa Delt House, and the Eatemalive boarding club, and other places which belong properly to the south. And when I go south I frequently lose sight of the college altogether and can't for the life of me remember what the library tower looks like or whether the theological school is just falling down or is to be built next year; or whether I ought to turn to my right and ask for directions at Prexie's house, or turn to my left and crawl under a freight train which blocks a crossing on the Hither, Yonder and Elsewhere Railroad. If you think it is an easy task to carry a whole college in your head without getting it jumbled, just try it a while.

Then again, the Siwash people puzzle me. Professor Grubb is always a trial. That man alternates a smooth-shaven face with a full beard in the most startling manner. Petey Simmons is short and flaxen-haired, long and black-haired, and wide and hatchet-faced in turns, depending on the illustrator. I never know Ole Skjarsen when I see him for the same reason. As for Prince Hogboom, Allie Bangs, Keg Rearick and the rest of them, nobody knows how they look but the artists who illustrated the stories; and as I read each number and viewed the smiling faces of these students, I murmured, "Goodness, how you have changed!"

So I have struggled along as best I could to administer the affairs of a college which is located nowhere, has no student body, has no endowment, never looks the same twice, and cannot be reached by any reliable route. The situation is impossible. I must locate it somewhere. If you are interested in the college when you have read these few stories, suppose you hunt for it wherever college boys are

full of applied deviltry and college girls are distractingly fair; where it is necessary to win football games in order to be half-way contented with the universe; where the spring weather is too wonderful to be wasted on College Algebra or History of Art; and where, whatever you do, or whoever you like, or however you live, you can't forget it, no matter how long you work or worry afterward.

There! I can't mark it on the map, but if you have ever worried a college faculty you'll know the way.

GEORGE FITCH

July, 1911

National Politics at Knox in 1896

By WILLIAM MATHER LEWIS, EX-'00

THE political campaign of 1896 at Knox was an event of more than passing importance; not only did it mark the overthrow of standpat Republican methods, it likewise dragged the shrinking T. R. from the obscurity of the New York police office into the White House lime light and brought George Fitch into prominence as a newspaper cartoonist.

When a College mock-election was proposed it appeared on the surface that the Republicans in the student body were overwhelmingly in the majority. However, Presson Thomson, George Fitch and J. L. Lewis, aided and abetted by a number of fervid "preps," got their heads together with the laudable purpose of correcting such a deadening condition and organized what was known as the Federalist Party, choosing Roosevelt to run against McKinley.

The Republicans went into the campaign with all seriousness. Hon. John R. Tanner and other political lights addressed their mass meetings and real brass bands discoursed near-music. The Federalists, loyal to the plain living (if not to the high thinking traditions of Knox) realized that imported spell binders and professional musicians were beyond their means and so decided to reach the great voting public in a less costly way.

Each night thereafter until the close of the campaign a self-elected editorial staff would labor long and loudly in the production of a daily paper, copies of which were struck off on a mimeograph

and placed in the hands of the students each morning. On the front page of this fleeting publication there always appeared a drawing with the word Fitch scrawled in the lower right hand corner. Those of us who are fortunate enough to possess a file of that crude little sheet still chuckle as we behold the collapse of the Republican elephant and the glorification of Teddy so graphically pictured by Fitch.

There is no question that these humorous sketches, even more than the barrel-house methods used on election day, were responsible for the great Federalist victory which was thus immortalized in the Swan-song of the paper on the "morning after."

"Little folded ballots
Falling in the box
Show the world that Willie
Cuts no ice at Knox."

Dear old George Fitch, sans coat and collar, crowded in the corner of an eight-by-ten bed room drawing for dear life while around him the staff "chortles" over its own wit. Thus I see him still and wonder if perchance a little turn of fate might not have made him a famous cartoonist, as nature and nobility of character made him a loved writer,—a writer who lived better than he wrote.

Ye Book III of Ye Chronicles*

AND IT CAME TO PASS in the days of Ernest, surnamed Tilden, that the men of Adelphi were inspired with a mighty desire to dabble in politics and straightway they gat themselves over against the east wing of the Alumni Hall even unto the Gnothautians and unto the Zeteticians and the E. O. Dans, and said, "Let us hold an election after the manner of the mighty men of our land." And it was so that the plan seemed good unto the Gnothautians, the Zeteticians and the E. O. Dans, and they did straightway arrange the preliminaries thereof.

Now they that were called Republicans were mighty above all others and they did greatly rejoice saying, "Surely there shall be to us a walk-over." And each one did thereupon wager his talent that there might be returned to him two talents. But there were in the Republican camp two that held themselves aloof and did say, "Ver-

* In the '97 Gale, Mr. Fitch had this lively narrative of the political campaign, described in the article by Mr. Lewis.

ily our brethren are become corrupt. Let us go hence and seek strange gods."

Now the thing was told in the ears of Thomson, the second, called Tomec, and he straightway fell a musing about the space of a chapel talk. And Tomec arose and girded up his loins and said, "Go to, now. I would fain go Democratic by a large majority, were it expedient. But that those men of Belial, the Republicans, triumph not over us utterly, I am resolved what I will do." So Tomec went, and joined the reformers, and they took unto themselves Clayberg and Lewis, called Jakey, and Bill his brother. So these men did privily lurk for the unwary of the Republican fold and they did beguile many by their craftiness from the straight and narrow way of their fathers. And they raised over themselves a new banner, and on it a new name. And they called themselves Federalists and Roosevelt, the policeman, was their leader.

Now there was in the ranks of the Republicans one Cardiff, a mighty man of valor, wise in all the learning of the politicians. Now when Cardiff, which is also called Pat, heard of what was done, he was wroth, and swore with an exceeding great cuss. And he lifted up his voice on high and called mightily unto all the Republicans to stand fast and quit themselves like men. Yea, he did verily organize his forces, and Latimer of the town of Abingdon was set over them, and they did write upon their banner the name of McKinley, a wise man of the East. Moreover, Cardiff did bestir himself and sought out one John, a Tanner, a man much honored among the Republicans of the country, who should make his men a speech. Likewise did Latimer, which is called Johnny, also call upon one Carr which had sojourned in a far country and was accounted wise by the town-folk, and upon others of fame in the land which did teach and exhort with many and divers words.

Now Tomec and his men had seen the doings of Cardiff and they did also get into the push. For they did publish a paper on each day, in the morning, in the which were said many things both true and false which should bring down laughter upon the heads of Cardiff and his men.

So the day set for the voting drew on apace. And when it was fully come, then did Tomec, in fear lest his men were not enough, gather in many from the highways and hedges. And the men of Cardiff also sought how they might bring to naught the purposes of the Mugwumps. So the battle began. And it was equal for a time. Nor could any say to whom it would go. But when the men of Car-

diff were hard pressed by the new men of Tomec which he had gathered in, then did Ernest, which is called Tilden, swear a great oath and bring in many men of divers races that they might overcome the hordes of Tomec. Howbeit when the battle was come to an end it was so that the men of Tomec had slain more than the men of Cardiff. And Cardiff groaned with a great groan and rent his clothes and did sit in sackcloth and ashes. And Tilden did kick himself with no small vigor that he had sworn in vain.

But the men of Tomec raised a great shout and did run to bear the tidings to the city. And Thomson which is called Tomec, and Fitch the postmaster's son, and Bill the brother of Lewis which is called Jakey, did neither eat nor sleep until they had gotten out an edition of the *Federalist* with a rooster on it.

Here endeth the chronicle. Selah.

PAGES 47 AND 48 OF THE 1897 GALE

George Fitch

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

Dead! With the laugh still on his lips!

Dead? With a jest on his last breath!

Ah, but the joy that brimmed his quips

Laughed in the empty face of death.

Dead? Is the sunshine hidden quite

Through the dull curtain blinds and bars?

No! He is laughing in the night,

Lending new gladness to the stars.

Reporting for The Evening Mail

By FRANCIS H. SISSON, '92

IT was my privilege to be associated with George Fitch in both his start and finish as a daily newspaper man. While I was editor of the *Galesburg Evening Mail*, in the late '90's, a slender and physically unimpressive youth forced himself upon me with the request that he be given the position on our staff as correspondent in Knox College. He introduced himself as the son of his father, whom I knew as editor of the *Galva News*, and explained to me his ambition to be a writer if possible.

He failed to impress me with this first request for a position, but he persisted in the idea throughout his college year, dropping in occasionally to call upon me, evidently loving the smell of printers' ink and longing to live in its atmosphere. His persistence, his evident sincerity, and his family background finally won him his wish, and George Fitch became the Knox College correspondent of the *Galesburg Evening Mail* as his first daily newspaper assignment.

He was not at first a particularly good news gatherer or news writer. His handwriting was quite illegible and his typewriting almost as bad, so it required a considerable measure of patience on my part to struggle along with what seemed like rather unpromising material. But the boy's modest, gentle spirit, sweet sense of humor, and quaint outlook on life rather won me and I kept him at his job with such guidance as I was able to give, but with more or less indifferent results.

He was much more interested in the humor and the color of the life about him than in collecting and narrating its prosaic facts.

The summer vacation came on, and as he was handy I kept him on the staff as a regular reporter—and again with only ordinary results. He found it difficult to get names and initials and all the little petty details of small city journalism accurately fixed in his mind. His interest was elsewhere—in the people and events themselves, which he was slowly learning to interpret.

He was such an agreeable companion, so distinctly original in his views and comment on things in general, that his presence in the office was always a pleasure, and I had the undefined sense that here

was a mine of unexplored riches which somehow I ought to be able to tap. I remember recalling the historic incident when Editor Stone of the Peoria *Transcript*, discharged Bob Burdette as a cub reporter on his staff because Bob's sole news contribution from his morning "beat" was a picturesque story of a dog fight; and that Bob Burdette, joining the staff of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, made that newspaper famous and prosperous for a generation.

There came a day when the Afro-American Bicycle Riders of the middle west held a racing meet on the famous Williams Race Track in Galesburg, which at that time held the world's trotting and pacing records. Not regarding the event of sufficient news value to waste a "good" reporter on it, I sent George Fitch, with more or less indifference as to the result.

That night he laid a story on my desk that I never shall forget. It broke the spell of the daily grind and brought to me with a start the sudden realization that here was a new American humorist. His story, printed as written, was a sensation, and his efforts were immediately detached from the dull routine of weddings and funerals and assigned to work for which his unusual gifts adapted him.

In the journalistic atmosphere which had produced Eugene Field, Bob Burdette, S. S. McClure, John S. Phillips, and Earnest Calkins, George started a "column" of original verse, anecdotes, comment, and humor, which was soon the talk of the town and of observing editors far and wide.

I left Galesburg and George left Galesburg. His work as a paragrapher continued successfully, but I saw larger possibilities in store for him and a few years later invited him to become editor of the Peoria, Ill., *Transcript*, in which I had an interest. There he began to come into his own, not only as an editor, but as a writer of humorous narrative and philosophy about the people and places he had come to know so well.

One day there appeared in his paper a column story of the presentation of "Parsifal" by the Chicago Grand Opera Company. It was a humorous classic. I sent a clipping to the editor of the New York *Sun*, and it was reprinted by that paper on the editorial page next day and widely copied. It was evident that George Fitch was coming to his own and that here was a new writer of unusual talent knocking at the doors of public recognition.

It was my pleasure to suggest the faith I had in his possibilities to several New York magazine editors, who were quick to realize his worth and began to bid for his work.

To what heights he might have attained had longer life been granted him, I shall not undertake to say, but I believe there was no successful writer of his day who so intimately understood and who so skillfully interpreted the great, simple life of the Middle West, its people, and its institutions, as George Fitch.

Not only did his friends and literature suffer irreparable loss in his death, but his country also. The same intense loyalty which characterized his friendships was found in his love for his country and its institutions, which was reflected in an almost passionate devotion to every cause and movement that he believed made for progress.

For those of us who knew him well, the memory of his simplicity, sincerity, and sweet sanity will always remain. He was destined to do great things in literature and life, to be one of America's greatest humorists, and one of her most useful citizens.

Why Humorists are Thin

(The London Lancet expresses the opinion that all humorists
are thin)

They say ye humorist is thin
And eke of bony frame,
That he can never hope to win
Both fleshiness and fame,
His laugh may ring in merry tones
Yet, though he serves both huts and thrones,
He's just a wilderness of bones
A starting through the skin.

Folks wonder how a funny theme
An antifat can be
And yet forsooth it doesn't seem
So very strange to me,
For though he writes, his bread to win,
He's paid in laughs instead of "tin,"
Good God! Ye humorist is thin
Because he has to be!
—By George Fitch, "*Froilcs of the Type*"

“Frolics of the Type”

SO far as I know, the earliest writings of George Fitch to receive publication between covers, are to be found—and it may be difficult now to find them—in two thin volumes bound in sober black with gilt lettering on the front, entitled, “Frolics of the Type.” These two booklets contained selections from the “column” which Fitch was then conducting in the *Nonpareil*, together with paragraphs and sketches contributed by him. I remember that as he gave them to me he said he had had them printed for some unfortunate, a cripple, I believe, who made his living by selling copies on the trains in and out of Council Bluffs. The “Frolics” were George’s contribution to philanthropy. While there is little of importance in these pages some interest attaches to them as examples of Mr. Fitch’s early newspaper work, and now and then a flash of characteristic wit gives promise of the humor of later years. A few of these early sketches are therefore included here.

W. E. S.

INTERVIEW WITH WU

The Frolics Man had a short interview with Wu Ting Fang yesterday while that dignitary was passing through the town. While not of national import the result was exciting enough to make interesting reading.

“How do you do,” said Wu when the F. M. had introduced himself. “So you are a newspaper man, are you? How much do you get?”

The weekly total was named.

“Not enough, not enough,” said Wu impatiently. “How do you support your family?”

The F. M. confessed that he had neglected to acquire that luxury.

“No family!” said Wu in some amazement. “Tut, tut, young man, you’re old enough. Will no one have you?”

The F. M. said with some confusion that he didn’t know.

“The chances would be against you,” said Wu, surveying his interviewer critically. “But have you asked no one?”

The F. M. was slowly frying in his blushes.

"How do you spend your salary if you are not married?"

The F. M. replied with dignity that he spent what he could and packed the rest away in barrels.

"You should be married," said Wu anxiously. "Promise me you will do it at once."

There was an open window handy but the train was moving across the bridge. The F. M. sank back with a sigh.

"Some one will take you if you persevere," said Wu cheerfully. "Don't neglect it now. And tell them to double your salary. You will need it. Goodbye."

Minister Wu is a delightful man but there is an element of personality in his conversation that is at times a little embarrassing. We have complied with his last injunction, however.

OPENED IT RIGHT

The First Methodist church at Alton, Ill., has been having lots of trouble with its new pipe organ. It is a magnificent new instrument, full of the latest devices for praising the Lord in fortissimo and open diapason and it cost \$5,000. At the opening concert a long-haired genius from St. Louis presided at the organ and in the midst of a pandemonium in E flat by Vogner, he pulled out the cyclone stop, the vox humana stop, turned on full organ and opened the 16-horse power pipe that superintends the thunder department.

It was divine. Women shrieked and fainted, the chandeliers swung and jangled, and the sun crawled under a cloud and stayed there three hours. Everyone said that there had never been such Vogner played in Alton. There were crashing, splitting effects in it that had never been yanked out of a pipe organ before. It was found later on, however, that the crashing, splitting effects were caused by the plaster in the ante-rooms which had given away under the strain; and the next day the rest of the handsome frescoed interior fell with another grand, inspiring Vognerian bang.

The Pelee stop on the organ is now nailed down securely and the women of the church are giving ice cream socials and oyster suppers in order to raise money for frescoing purposes. And they do say that the program at the next concert will be so light and airy and pin pointy that "Rock of Ages" would sound like a Polish riot beside it, and the Alton people who gather on the outside of the church to hear the program free of charge will go away in disgust.

WHEN ADAM WAS A BOY

(By Willie)

Each day I go to Sunday School
And there it's lots of fun
To learn about what Adam did
Back when the world begun.

I'd like to bin that Adam kid;
He was a lucky chap,
Why, he could do jest as he pleased,
Say! Wasn't that a snap?

He didn't have no grandma old
To shake her head and say,
"When I was young, the gals and boys
Got whippings every day."

When he was sick no neighbors came
And stroked his head and sighed,
And said, "My dear, you look just like
My little boy that died."

He didn't have no brother small
To squall with all his might,
And make him stay and rock him when
The ice was "out of sight."

He didn't have no brother big
To fill him full of woes
And, hully gee! He didn't have
To wear his pa's old clothes.

No sister big to box his ears,
No aunt to make him work,
No pa to tan his jacket when
At school he chanst to shirk.

He bossed himself fr'm morn till night,
My! Wouldn't that be joy!
I'll tell you things was diff'runt then
When Adam was a boy!

LETTERS FROM THE OLD MAN

My dear Henry: Your request for \$35 for a suit for evening wear so that you can join the glee club has been received and filed away in a cool place where it will keep. You never had any trouble in wearing your middle-of-the-day clothes at night here at home, my boy, and I guess you will have to keep right along in the same old rut for a while. I am getting so that I do not dare to go out except at night when my clothes don't show up so plainly and I guess I am next in line for a new suit.

It seems to me, Henry, that if you labored as earnestly at your lessons as you do at joining clubs, you would not be put to the necessity of knocking your teacher's eye out. Only last week you asked me for money for several golf clubs, whatever they are. I don't see why you should want to join more than one club of the same sort. Don't you ever get mixed up and give the wrong passwords? Ezra Toots was thrown out on his head from the Masonic hall last week for trying to get in on the password of the Select and Delirious Knights of Sobriety.

We would like to supply you with clothes for evening wear and breakfast wear and late-in-the-afternoon wear but tired nature has called a halt. Two months ago you wore a pair of pale blue overalls morning, afternoon and evening and between times, and you would have worn them to church if we had let you. If you keep on at your present gait, Henry, I fear that you will need an asbestos robe sometime.

Your mother is sending you to-day by express a very satisfactory garment for evening wear. If you will put it on about 9 p. m. when you are through studying, and then wiggle in between the sheets of your humble cot and use the night for sleeping purposes we will be pleased and proud. She has taken a good deal of care with the garment and has ruffled it all around as you notice. Don't be afraid to use it extensively. We will send you another when this one wears out.

Affectionately,

YOUR FATHER

A VERY BAD CASE

Consider now briefly the fate of a man when the snow cometh. He riseth up while it is yet early and diggeth 911 yards of pathway about the premises. When he cometh in he hath chilblains and a frozen ear which swelleth up like unto an overripe tomato.

Then he goeth up to the town and wadeth through two feet of snow that his neighbor hath left upon the sidewalk.

His overshoe cometh off and his feet become compassed about with ice and behold, as he passeth a building a hired varlet upon the roof thereof overturneth a small avalanche of snow upon him.

When he cometh unto his office he hath wet feet and sniffles and it rejoiceth his heart (selah) to find that there is a leak in the roof just over his desk.

When he cometh home he passeth divers small boys. Whereupon, with one accord, they salute him with great joy and frozen snowballs.

His new hat is knocked seven ways for Sunday and as he turneth to speak reproachfully he mislayeth the sidewalk which was under his feet.

When he cometh to, it is under his right ear.

He also findeth that he is sitting upon 20 cents worth of eggs with a \$25 overcoat and that he hath splintered his spine and broken seven commandments to say nothing of the eggs. As he reacheth home he striketh the spot where little Willie hath poured water on the step and lo! he sigheth for more commandments to break.

When he entereth the house he is shooed out with a broom because of the snow on his boots.

Later on his wife telleth him that the gutters are full of ice and the water pipes are frozen and that Sallie, the hand-maiden, hath gone sleigh riding, and that Thomas, the son, hath fallen under a bob sled and hath spoiled \$7 worth of clothes.

After supper he picketh up a paper and findeth a poem on "Beautiful Snow," and lo! he forgetteth the fate of blasphemers and sayeth many things with a great noise.

THE FAT MAN IN SUMMER

(In answer to 1,000,000 inquiries: "Why don't you get fat?")

The sun's bright rays come blazing down

Aslant;

The small dogs droop about the town

And pant,

While gloomily each fat man hot

Mops off his brow and says, "Great Scott!"

And tries to find a cooler spot,

But can't.

The sweat rolls off his forehead brown,
In drops;
His polished collar wilts and downward flops;
Unbound, his broad expanse by vest;
In shirt and trousers he is dressed,
But for one thing he'd shed the rest—
The cops.

He limps on aching and dejected feet,
He melts away 'till he's a wreck
Complete;
Upon his doleful way he goes,
Encased in soaked and soggy clothes,
And brightly red each feature glows
With heat.

Ah, who would be a fat man when
'Tis hot?
Or strive to make two hundred-ten
His lot?
To puff and pant and wish that he
Were dead and out of misery
Ah, do we wish for flesh? Well, we
Guess not.

THE "J'INER"

Augustus Henry Thompson was to fellowship inclined,
He loved to meet in mutual love with brothers true and kind.
There were so many orders that it seemed too hard to choose,
So he joined the whole assortment and hustled for the dues.
He belonged to twenty brotherhoods, had hopes of twenty more,
And he had to stretch his manly breast to hold the pins he wore.

He was a Modern Woodman and a knight of high degree
In the temple of the Masons and likewise the K. of P.;
He was an Elk and Eagle and a Red Man bold and brave,
And once a week an evening to the Maccabees he gave;
He has joined the A. O. H.'s and the jolly J. I. G.'s,
And had in an application to the great R. S. V. P.'s.

It took Augustus Henry lots of time to do it right,
For he was a loyal lodgeman and he never missed a night.
He was Chief Sublime Tarara in the Royal Happy Herd;
He was Rajah of another bunch, and Pooh-Bah of a third;
He had swords to arm a legion and regalia by the mile—
It kept Augustus humping, but he did the thing in style.

Yes, he was a valiant lodgeman, and it was with genteel woe
That his brothers heard of his demise, a month or so ago.
Poor Thompson met a tragic end. One evening, it appears,
He was sick and went home early for the first time in ten years;
And when his wife awoke and found him standing by the bed,
She thought it was a burglar, and she shot Augustus dead.

JOHN HENRY AT THE DENTIST'S

Last night while I was off behind the Samoan islands somewhere dreaming about 35 knots an hour, something grabbed me by a nerve in the base of my jaw and yanked me back to the United States and up against the head of my bed. It was worse than ten thousand shipwrecks. I held an investigation and found a large molar on the rear balcony of my upper jaw in a state of violent eruption. It would ache steadily for about two minutes and would then give a throb that would jerk me half way over the foot of the bed. It was very painful indeed. I sat up all night holding onto my jaw and reciting little selections, both sacred and profane.

This morning when I looked in the mirror I found myself bulged all out of shape. Still I was relieved. During the night I thought that the tooth was about four feet in circumference and red hot. However, the bump on my jaw isn't much bigger than a cobblestone. I am going down to the dentist's this afternoon and have him talk to the tooth with his little gas tongs. I love my teeth as well as anyone, but I can't sit up with this one another night.

I took my inflated tooth up to the dentist to-day and submitted it to him for inspection. Of course the usual thing happened. Just as I struck the top step leading to the office I found that I had mislaid the toothache on the way. However, I wasn't to be fooled. There was only one stairway and I knew it would be waiting for me at the bottom. So I went in. I was bitterly disappointed. The dentist was there and had nothing to do. It was almost a personal

affront. If it had been anyone but Jenkins who knows me I would have passed myself off as a bill collector.

The dentist crowded me into his little old undersized barber chair and tilted me over until he could see the rafters of my mouth. Then he took a steel crochet hook and felt around the tooth until he found a spot that made me try to jump over the instrument tray. This seemed to satisfy him. At least he stopped prodding and told me I would have to have the tooth filled; that it was probably clamped around my jaw and could not be pulled without bringing out more of my back bone than I could spare. He really didn't have to apologize for not pulling it but he seemed to think so.

I am to come back to-morrow at 3 and have an 18-carat gold filling put in. I was for silver without the consent of any other nation on earth, but he said no. Gold would be better. In the meantime he is killing the nerve. This is a mistake, I think. I haven't any too much nerve anyway and it has been failing steadily ever since I made the date. Teeth are a confounded bore. Sometimes I envy the hen even, though she has no educational advantages.

The nerve in my tooth passed away this afternoon. I never saw anything die so hard. It began its death struggle shortly after I got home yesterday afternoon and every jump jarred my medulla oblongata. Picture if you can a forty-acre melon patch full of cholera morbus with a little strychnine mixed in and then crowd all that pain down into one small 2x4 tooth! It writhed and squirmed all night, pulling me over the foot of the bed a couple of times and only passed into a comatose condition early this afternoon. It's wonderful what a rumpus a little nerve can kick up when it is irritated. I have nicknamed this nerve "Senator Smoot."

When I landed at the dentist's this afternoon he was very sympathetic. The nerve was dead, he said, and now the rest was easy. First he would drill into me about a foot, he said, and pull out the nerve and then he would enlarge the chasm and build me a beautiful monument of gold—enough of it to salt a Utah mining claim. It would be very easy he told me. Then he asked me to please open my mouth. I had it opened so wide that my front teeth had become tangled with the back of the chair, but he didn't seem to notice it.

Picking out a drill with a nasty looking burr on the end, my friend, Mr. Jenkins, turned on the motor, made a flourish and started to work. First he bored a perpendicular shaft down through the tooth into my neck. I tried to tell him to look out or he would dull

his augur on my collar button, but I got my tongue on the buzzer and decided not to talk any more. It would be his loss anyway and I didn't give a darn what happened to him. Just as I had given up hope he pulled out the drill. I waited to see him lower a bucket to haul out the debris but he didn't do it. I asked him if he had struck any pay dirt yet and if he thought my backbone had a cavity in it, too. He only smiled.

"I was just clearing away the decayed stuff," he said. "I haven't begun yet." Then he pulled up his sleeves, geared up the motor a notch and began to bore laterals. He would bore sideways a foot or two into my cheek and then he would turn on a cold blast to see me squirm. Finally while he was resting another patient came in and I escaped. He thinks I am coming in to-morrow but I am not. I am going to sub-let the job to a prospecting com—

I have just returned from the dentist again. My mind is wandering a good deal and I do not know all that has happened but I will try to set it down as nearly as possible.

When I went back to the dentist he was eight feet high and had fangs and a tail. He grinned at me, threw me into a chair and opened my mouth until he could look down and criticize the architecture of my floating ribs. Then he brought out a burr bigger than all the others, rubbed arsenic, nitroglycerin and tobasco sauce on it and jabbed it into my quivering molar. He would bore until the drill got red hot. Then he would soothe the tooth with ice water and swab it out with a hornet's nest. When he got tired of boring he would take a cold chisel and hack away, talking cheerfully meanwhile, and ever and anon bringing up little pieces of vest and backbone with a grappling hook as an evidence of good faith. He ran laterals, lower levels, entries and working chambers in that tooth. He put in a pump and sunk an air shaft. He drilled down into each root and into the jaw, finally he gave a shout of triumph. "Pay dirt," he cried. But no. It was only my watch he had drilled into.

This made him furious. My mind began to wander at this point. He threw away the drill and took a pick. He tried a hand-saw. He put in a blast. He timbered the cavity to prevent caving and filled it with boiling water. He enlarged it until he could put in his head and look around. It was full of bumble bees and little devils with red hot toes, each one dancing on a nerve. He shouted with glee. He lined it with corns and danced on a nerve. He stirred up the devils and bumble bees together, mixed them with re-

morse and forty-rod whisky, and cambric needles, and cactus thorns, and wall-eyed tarantulas, and then waded in himself with a pitchfork and three bomb shells.

And then I went home. My hour was up.

The dentist finished my tooth to-day. When he had finished drilling out the cavity he gagged me with a sheet of rubber so that I couldn't call for the police. I waited for him to back a truck load of gold down into the cavity and send for a pile driver. Instead he took out a little chunk with a pair of tweezers. I thought he had drilled a hole as big as a marble quarry, but it didn't turn out to be much bigger than a barrel.

Jenkins was very gentle at first. He put in a little dab of gold and beat it with a toy hammer. Later he took a mallet and then he used a sledge. Then he took a hydraulic hammer and beat upon the bottom of my brain pan until reason tottered on her perch. He kept this up until I had figured that it must be about May, 1908. Finally he stopped.

"It's filled," he said.

I was satisfied and wanted to go home. But he wouldn't have it. He was a neat workman and didn't like to do a botchy job. So he put an emery stone in my mouth and ground down the corners. Then he filed and sandpapered the tooth and went over it with an adz and bung starter. Finally he heated it red hot, annealed the filling, welded it to the roots, brazed the roots back onto the jaw, tempered the mainspring, put in a lightning rod, wired it for gas and electricity, perfumed and bug powdered it, tuned it, polished it and put his name plate in the corner. Then he took his knee out of my stomach.

"All through," he said, "five dollars."

I wanted to give him five days instead, but he insisted on the money, so I paid him. I carried my tooth home with me and am getting used to it. I would rather eat with a nail keg concealed in my jaw, but I suppose this crowded out feeling will die out after a while. But I am resolved on one thing. When I awake with another toothache I am going to take an ax and separate myself from the tooth.

JOHN HENRY

Vest Pocket Essays

By GEORGE FITCH

CONCERNING BABIES

A baby is a large volume of noise entirely surrounded by safety pins.

The baby itself is not large, however. It rarely weighs more than an unabridged dictionary, and is very fragile to look at. But even the smallest baby can make a noise which will cause an old bachelor three blocks away to tear the picture of Roosevelt from the wall, and stamp on it.

This is because a baby deals exclusively in noise. He does nothing and thinks of nothing but making noise. Men who have become great by sticking to one thing and learning all about it, claim that specialization is a new idea, but for over 6,000 years babies have specialized in noise and their success is more impressive than that of Edison or Hans Wagner.

Babies are very young and have no pasts to speak of. They are greatly beloved by all who know them, not because of what they say, but because of what they do not say. Babies do not tell ancient stories to their friends or give them advice, or talk politics when they want to read a good book or tell them that the country is going to the dogs or ask them for \$5.00 till pay day. As babies grow older, they talk more and lose a few friends each year. A young boy baby is frantically beloved by hundreds of women, but after he is grown up, and has learned conversation in all its branches, he is lucky if he can keep one woman fond of him long enough to die married.

Babies are great diplomats. A baby can induce a strong man to get up at night and prance all over the place in his pajamas, though the man would positively refuse to do it for his wife or his employer, or the President of the United States. Men who have never sung a note in their lives and would fight at the suggestion from anyone else, will sing half the night when requested to do so

This is a typical Vest Pocket Essay and is considered by Mrs. Fitch as perhaps the best of the series Mr. Fitch wrote for the George Mathew Adams Syndicate.

by a mere baby with no particular eloquence at its command. Babies are the greatest gamble in the world. It costs \$5,000 to raise a baby, and you never can tell whether it is going to be worth \$5,000 or 30 cents when it grows up. However, if it is a girl, you can almost always find some young man to take a chance on her in that other great gamble—matrimony.

Babies are very feeble and could be completely demolished by a strong man. Yet they often live for 95 years, which is more than any strong man can do. But babies do not smoke cigars, drink cocktails or eat nineteen griddle cakes at a sitting. Feed a baby on lobster Newberg and it would soon fade away. Strong men grow old and feeble on beefsteak, while small babies grow big and strong on milk alone. There are three kinds of babies—cow babies, tin babies and home talent babies.

Babies are not often given the consideration they are entitled to. Among to-day's babies are the presidents of 1960, the steel kings of 1950, the baseball stars of 1940, the aviators of 1930 and the golf champions of 1935.

“Pete”*

By GEORGE FITCH

One warm day late in the spring two years ago I was walking down the street from my home with an interior stuffed and distended with dissatisfaction. Friends rushed by in new cars and waved cheerfully at me. Families sailed by in old cars, happy and foot-loose. Rich men tore long, jagged holes in the atmosphere in their portable volcanoes, and contented workingmen chugged along in cars which they had made themselves out of binder wheels and garden hose and twine. The whole world was on wheels—excepting myself. I was turning this bitter thought over and over and getting more inclined to move to Mars every minute, when I passed a man who was beating an automobile by the roadside with a monkey wrench.

I call it an automobile merely from politeness. Persons skilled in machinery could readily see that it had once been an automobile, but the layman would never have suspected it. It was such a weary, decrepit, dirty, ill-kept, down-trodden little brute that my heart went out with pity to it. Its top was old and ragged. Its lamps were broken. Its paint was gone. Its hood was bent in a dozen places. Two tires were disintegrating. Everywhere it had been repaired with wire. For less than two years it had served its brutal master—I knew him and remembered when he bought it—and he had used it up almost as badly as old Simon Legree used up Uncle Tom. It was pitiful. The little car was exhausted, racked, almost unable to stand. Yet I knew that as soon as its owner had finished beating it he would drive it full speed down the hard stone pavement again and maybe run it into a hitching post, as I had seen him do the fall before. As

* Mrs. Fitch was asked, “What writing of George’s do you like best? What did he consider his best work?” She answered: “I suggest one of the less well known articles that he wrote, which is a great favorite of mine. It was really the first draft and blocking out of a projected book on “Pete.” There was no special article that we liked better than another; generally it was the latest one which we were fondest of. As a whole we both considered the “Homeburg Memories” as his best work as far as he had gone.”

“Pete” was published in the *National Weekly*, January 13, 1913.

I watched him, my great idea came to me. I would buy this little car.

It was a desperate idea, but I was a desperate man. I was tired of seeing second-hand delight and breathing second-hand fumes. For years my bank account had been engaged in a stern chase with the price of automobiles, with the latter always hull down ahead. Every time I had saved \$100, the price of good cars had gone up \$250. On that day I had \$400 in the bank. It might buy this little ruin and kindly treatment might restore the car to health. If I couldn't run it I could at least carry the starting plug around and pose as a car owner among strangers.

I tried to resist my idea. But I couldn't. It had me by the throat. Before I knew what I was doing I had asked the man if he wanted to sell his car.

"Sell this conglomeration of revolving junk!" said he somewhat wildly. "Say, if I found anyone who wanted to buy this madhouse masterpiece, this movable ruin, this four-thousand-degree-in-the-shade parody on a rheumatic garbage wagon, I'd knock him down before he could change his mind."

"What will you take for it?" I asked, breathing hard and clutching my check book. "Will you sell it for \$300?" I asked nervously.

"Three hund—" said the owner. Then he stopped. He seemed to be fighting for breath. "You—say, are you offering me three hundred dollars for this car?"

I blushed all over. But I really hadn't tried to cheat him. He had a perfect right to refuse it. "I'll give you \$400 and not a cent more," I said with dignity.

He looked at me for a minute with a far-away look, like a man who is fighting a great battle with himself. I saw then that he loved the little car and I felt sorry for him. But he did not deserve to own it and I refused to weaken. I hauled out my check book.

"I'll let you have it," he finally said in a smothered voice. "If I didn't take your money, somebody else would."

"I've got to examine it first," I said in a businesslike manner.

"Go ahead," said the owner dejectedly. I walked around the car four or five times, looking at it intensely. I counted the wheels. I got into it and grasped the steering wheel. It turned like a regular wheel. I felt of the tires and twiddled the crank handle. Then having exhausted my knowledge of automobiles, I said I was satisfied, and bought the car. The owner bullied it into starting and drove me home, instructing me profusely in its disposition all the

way. I gave him a check. He gave me a receipt and went away, leaving me a little bit dazed. He seemed a little bit dazed, too.

I was an automobile owner. Considering what I had bought, this statement seemed presumptuous, but I was stubborn about it. Practically I was an extensive fool who had spent his savings for a

mechanical invalid.

But technically I was an automobile owner and entitled to wear the grimy palm and greasy trousers of the craft. And as I looked at the mob of passing cars I swelled up out of a mere sidewalk user into a capitalist, a quarry of the police and a member of the gasoline gang. It was great. I was getting my money's worth already.



GEORGE FITCH IN "PETEY," HIS FAITHFUL
ROADSTER

After supper I went out to my car, set the levers as I had been instructed, and cranked a while. I didn't really expect it to go, so I wasn't disappointed when it didn't. I knew it would start for anyone who knew anything about cars. But I couldn't learn enough to start it in several days and I realized that it was going to block traffic a good deal, standing where it was. So I called up my brother who lived in the other end of town and told him I had something interesting to show him.

My brother is younger than I. In fact I brought him up myself, by hand and foot, very carefully. But he knows more about automobiles than I do about anything. He was brought up on automobiles. He has driven them, sold them, and has helped make them. He diagnoses sick automobiles as they pass in the street and he can tell by looking into the radiator of a car what is the matter with its hind axle. He could not afford a machine of his own and the idea occurred to me that he might like to drive mine. I would do anything for my brother. I love him dearly. It did me good to think of the pleasure he was going to have.

When my brother arrived, I led him out to my car. He looked

at it a long while, walking around it and inspecting it very carefully. He was so deliberate it made me impatient.

"Well," I snapped, "how do you like it?"

My brother was peering into the thorax of the car, but he emerged as I spoke and rubbed his head with a puzzled air.

"I don't see where the cobs come out," he said.

When I had finished telling him that it was an automobile and not a corn sheller, he was greatly interested and looked it all over again. When I told him he could run it if he wanted to, he was much pleased. He took off his coat and borrowed an old pair of trousers from me and inside of ten minutes we were riding around the streets, while I watched every move he made with hawklike eagerness. I didn't care to run it any more, I said; I'd been out all afternoon and it was a pleasure to see him handle the car. It was just a little trick anyway that I had picked up for amusement. I had only paid \$400 for it.

When I said that, my brother gave a loud cry and fell over backward. If I hadn't grabbed the steering wheel we would have been dashed to pieces against the curb. He acted very queerly the rest of the evening, asking me repeatedly if I felt all right and if my head pained me. He even asked me if I thought \$350 would be too much for him to pay for a picturesque old lawn mower which was for sale near his home. And he seemed relieved when I asked him if he was crazy.

The next day I started the car myself and ran it around the town with all my might, full of weird, jumpy bliss. I don't mean the car ran with all its might. I supplied the might. I killed the car whenever I throttled it down and cranked it about once a block. It limped and stuttered, gurgled, howled and squeaked. Its front wheels obeyed the steering wheel about as closely as a fox terrier sticks to his mistress on the street. The clutch only worked occasionally. The whole concern was one vast asthmatic rattle. But I didn't care. It ran, and more than a hundred people remarked on the fact with pleased surprise. That night I asked the garage keeper, who was a friend of mine, if he could put the car in good order that evening. He was an honest man, and when we had finished discussing the subject I had a lot of new knowledge. At 60 cents an hour it would cost about \$175 to put my automobile in first-class shape. In the meantime its diseases were acute. A little more running and it would break permanently in a dozen places. I went home full of gloomy perplexity.

Of course I might, by enrolling in a correspondence course, learn auto repairing in 1,897 lessons and rebuild my car myself. But it would take a year, and besides I distrusted my ability. I had already ruined two meat grinders and a baby buggy that spring while repairing them. I might wait and save the money. But that would take all summer. I might—and then the only logical solution struck me with a bang. It was a wonder I hadn't thought of it before. I would lend the car to my brother.

It was as simple as wishing the job done. I waited several days and then called Bob up. When I offered to lend him the car for a week he wouldn't hear of it at first. But I was firm. We always divided things up in our family, I reminded him. I had had a week's use of the car and I couldn't enjoy it unless he got some fun out of it too. It would absolutely ruin my pleasure unless he ran it awhile. So when he found I was really in earnest he accepted thankfully. The next day I ran the car over to my brother's house and left it. Then I left town for a week. I had to go away about that time anyway, and I didn't want my brother to worry for fear I was at home pining for my car.

I traveled a good deal that week, and travel was never so pleasant before. I found that by alluding casually to my "car" in the opening sentence of a conversation I could not only win the respect of those who didn't have cars, but the intimate friendship of those that did. I found also that I could talk as grandly about my \$400 car as if it cost \$5,000 and was my ninth offense. I made a lot of friends on the strength of it and scarcely set foot on a sidewalk all week.

I was all anxiety to hear about my car when I returned, and called up my brother at once. I said "hello" to him and inquired about the auto's health in the same breath.

"Oh, the car's all right," said my brother, "and I am too, in case you might be interested."

"Have you enjoyed the car?" I asked hospitably.

"Yes," said my brother; "it's been like old times; only I wish you hadn't come back until to-morrow."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, you see, I found a little work to be done on it and I've been fixing it up. I haven't had a chance to run it yet."

And do you know, that nifty brother actually wanted me to wait a day longer while he drove my new car all around the country. That's the brother of it for you.

When I saw my car a few minutes later I hardly knew it. My brother had done it a lot of good. He had spent the entire week, I found, under it, on top of it and coiled around it in the way auto mechanics have. He had revamped the engine, edited and revised the magneto, mitigated the exhaust, reformed the clutch, resuscitated the carburetor, manicured the tires, cleaned the car from end to end, and polished the brass work. And when I took the steering wheel and opened up the throttle I found a thing of life under me, fighting for more speed, and purring like a half-ton pussy cat. It was magnificent. It must be a wonderful pleasure to work on a car and bring it up from a ruin to a spirited young thing which has to have mud on its number plate in order to avoid the law. It made me feel good to think how much my brother must have enjoyed himself. But I was always doing things for him.

That was the beginning of a summer full of joy. I have heard of sick tigers who, when cured by foolhardy physicians, have become the slaves of their rescuers. My little car seemed almost alive in its anxiety to repay me. It ran, day and night, with eagerness. It staggered pluckily over rough roads, dug its way out of sand patches, and buzzed cheerfully along through rain and mud. No burden was too great for it. Although built for three, it would carry six, and go at the Main Street hill as sturdily and confidently as if it was carrying one, laboring faithfully up on the high gear and performing such herculean efforts before it stopped with a gasp and waited apologetically for me to kick in the low-speed pedal, that I began to think of it as a human being, and to regard it with affection. In a month I had stopped calling it "here you" and had given it a name, a gender, and a place in the family circle.

"Pete" he was after that, and from that time on the doings of Pete during the day were the main subject of conversation at the table at night; and the state of his health on Sundays was a subject transcending all others in importance.

Pete was our friend and companion. Pete carried us out into the country on picnics and over the river into the hills on exploring tours. Pete took us to the far end of the town to spend the evening and waited patiently for us to reappear. Pete stood placidly while my two little daughters swarmed over his seats and yanked at his levers.

He usurped the place of dolls and dogs for them. They loved him because he was a little car, as children love everything little. They guarded him from the bad boys who tried to "honk-honk" him.

They cluttered around, all anxiety, while I fussed with his internals, and pitied "poor sick Petey." They threw themselves at him with shouts of joy whenever I went out and cranked him. A hundred times that summer my three-year-old princess put her arms around my neck and said: "Oh, papa, let's get Petey and take a little ride."

Of course I don't mean to say that we didn't have troubles. It seemed to me that Pete was continually disintegrating somewhere. As he convalesced in his differential, he declined in his radiator. When he retained water in his radiator he was generally enjoying paralysis of the oiling system. And when he oiled perfectly, his cranks as a rule were working loose once more. He also rattled in twenty places and his valve mechanism was as noisy as a small threshing machine. But strangely enough, this didn't worry me. I found very early a vast difference between the owner of a second-hand car and the proud mahout of a next year's model. The latter is worried and depressed when any little thing is going wrong. The former is jubilant and happy when any little thing is going right. So long as Pete ran and came home on demand, I was happy. That summer and fall I coaxed, cheived and badgered him over 2,500 miles of road, leaving behind me a trail of bolts, parts, discarded accessories, and small tools, by which even a detective could have tracked me.

Not only did Pete serve me and my family all that summer, but he helped make my brother happy. Regularly on Sunday afternoons we would load up and drive over to his house, where my children would frolic with his children, and he and I would walk solemnly around the car 700 times discussing it in that intimate and personal manner which experts and owners use. There are more things to talk about in an automobile than there are in politics. During that summer we talked Pete over carefully from the extreme rear edge of his off hind tire, which generally needed vulcanizing, to the tips of his headlights, which always needed cleaning. And the talks always ended the same way. Bob would go down cellar, put on his war togs, and come out with a bushel of tools. Then he would pry into the dank, greasy gizzard of the car and enjoy himself while I stood by and encouraged him. These little talks did Pete a world of good. He was always the better for them. Owners who run cars all year round and neglect to talk them over regularly with some kind, sympathetic friend who has a knowledge of ignition do them a great injustice.

Sometimes Pete developed so many things to talk about during the week that I could not wait until Sunday. Then I would drive

him over and lend him to Bob for several days at a time, during which time Pete improved steadily. It was beautiful to see them together. Some people are stingy with their automobiles, but I was never that way.

When the cold weather came I put Pete away in a barn for the winter, and in the spring an army of automobile agents descended upon me like Assyrians surrounding a lamb, or wolves attacking the Israelites—I don't remember which is historically correct. They brought with them samples of all the cars made in America and points east. They offered me fabulous sums in trade for Pete. For weeks I rode about in cars which were mechanically so perfect that getting power and speed was as simple a proposition as turning on molasses from a spigot.

It had been a fortunate winter for me and I had enough money in the bank to sell Pete down the river and buy a dream of a little touring car which started with a button and would run until election day with no care whatever, except providing new speedometers as fast as the old ones wore out.

But strangely enough, I couldn't get interested. The perfect cars left me cold. In a perfect car I was only a motorneer. The car supplied the brains and left me only the steering to do. Beyond mending a tire occasionally I couldn't look forward to a single bit of excitement.

I couldn't even go over and visit my brother. There would be nothing to talk about. And if I loaned him the new car all he could do would be to run it around and wear out the tires. Brotherly affection is strong, but there are limits to it.

As I thought these things over I began to realize that I loved Pete. He was more than recreation to me. He was excitement, suspense, uncertainty, triumph, and a baffling mystery which I was working out bit by bit. He had a personality. He had traits and weaknesses and also strength of character. There wasn't a part of him which was a stranger to me. When he ran he was a chorus of sweet sounds and rackets. When he stood still he was a challenge twenty times as interesting as a golf course.

So I scorned the automobile agents and kept Pete. I kept him as a companion, not as a personal street car. And he rewarded me by struggling pluckily through his fourth year of existence with great success. He took me to town every day and took some friend home with me at night, said friend always causing me to swell with pride by marveling at the way the little brute clawed up the Main

Street hill. He took me to Chicago and back without a breakdown, gasping home the last few miles with a rheumatic magneto, while I patted him and gloried in his spunk. Once he hauled for ten miles the disabled six-cylinder car of a man who had often alluded to him with scorn as a "prehistoric bang-buggy." Twenty times he took me through the country, and brought me home again—breaking down quietly in his garage half a dozen times after his day's work was done.

I have grown proud of Pete as well as fond of him. Hundreds of people have said to me: "Well, you certainly have gotten a lot of use out of that little mess."

How many owners of good cars get the same compliments? I am so proud of him that I even refuse to paint him, and his upholstery is a disgrace. I wish he was six years old instead of four. I glory in his age as a son glories in his 75-year-old golf-playing father.

I have decided to keep Pete forever, replacing him as he wears out. This year he has had a new magneto, carburetor, front wheel and oiling system. Next year he must have a new radiator and his gears are worn razor sharp. In another year I must get a new engine.

It will be expensive, but I will get my money's worth. I will still have Pete. I will have him until sometime in the distant future his steering wheel will wear in two and his crank handle will disintegrate. Then I will replace them and suddenly find that after all I haven't got Pete.

He will have vanished, bit by bit—just as I myself have vanished in the last seven years and am a new person, using the old name and signing checks on the bank account of my former self.

Perhaps when that day comes I may lose interest in Pete and sell him to a museum. But I shall not borrow trouble.

George Fitch Lives^{*}

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

OUT of the beautiful Middle West in the first decade of the present century, there sprang to our notice a new and a true humorist, by name George Fitch. It is a rubric in the world's calendar when a new humorist is born, for the humorist is a man with a vision. He sees not as other men see, but when he tells his vision to us of the dull eyes, we exclaim, "Of course! anybody can see that. We have always thought so ourselves, but somehow we forgot to mention it. Show us something else that we have always seen and never knew it."

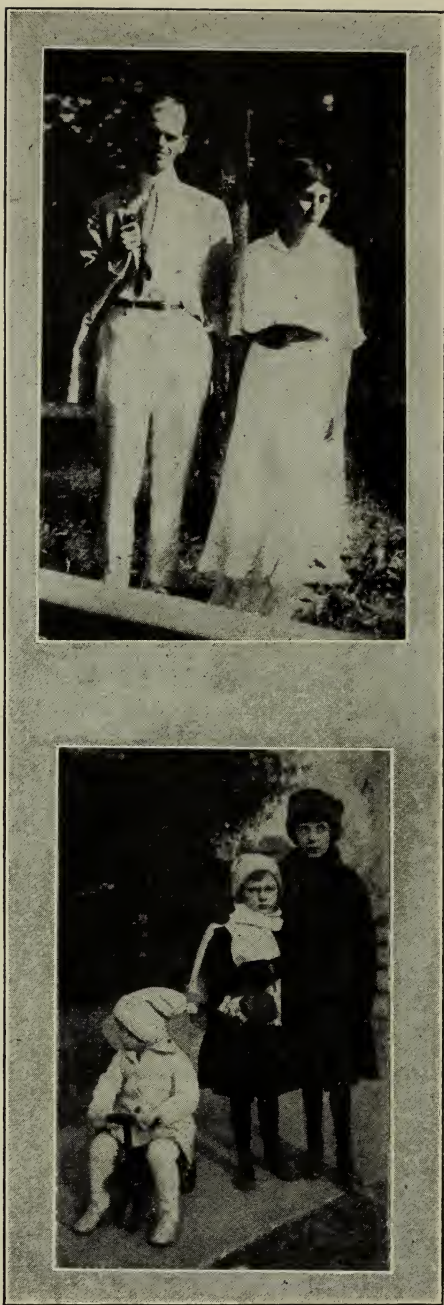
The humorist complies and we follow him gladly, laughingly and lovingly, but then comes some one with a solemn face and a strident voice, who speaks a wierd language. And those in authority tell us, "Here is true greatness. Observe the melancholy countenance! Listen to the tragic tone of the voice! And behold! you can with difficulty understand the tongue in which he speaks. No one may surely know what he is saying. Is it not sublime?"

Then we, we turn aside from the humorist whom we love and can understand and we say, "It must even be so. The humorist is too simple, too pleasurable and too easily comprehended. This Other is the worshipful one. Ah, how wonderful must be his thought, how deep his meaning; we comprehend him not at all."

For my part I am inclined to dispute the authorities flatly. I shall always insist that the master writer is one who is crystal clear without being commonplace, that comedy is higher than tragedy, that the man who leads me to the abiding joy in life deserves more of my thanks than the one who depresses and confuses me. If this be literary treason, make the most of it.

That George Fitch came out of the Middle West is also indicative. The Middle West is the nursery of our literary orchards. Much of its budded stock is transplanted early, but George Fitch came to full fruition in the soil which gave him birth. Here he was born and bred, here he was educated, here he married and reared his

^{*} Written as an introduction to "Petey Simmons at Siwash" for Little, Brown & Company, and reprinted at request of Mrs. George Fitch.



THE FITCH FAMILY

family, here he struggled and here he achieved. Born in the small town of Galva, matriculated and graduated at Knox College, Galesburg, and doing the bulk of his life-work at Peoria, he may fairly be said to reek of the soil of Illinois. Yet human beings (especially American human beings) are so much alike that the appeal of his work runs from horizon to horizon. Homeburg might have been in Maine and Siwash in California, or in any place between.

It is hardly necessary to mention that Knox College is not Siwash and Siwash is not Knox, but that Knox is appreciative of the Siwash fame is attested by the fact that the real college has a chapter room (planned by the "Betas") as a memorial to the creator of the fictitious college.

Like so many other writers, George Fitch came up through the stress and grind of daily newspaper work. He won his spurs on the Galesburg dailies, and the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* and the Peoria *Transcript*, and he never entirely forsook the newspaper field, for even at the last his Vest Pocket Essays

were appearing daily in hundreds of newspapers. But he was more than a newspaper-man, more than a magazinist, more than a maker of books. No recluse and no cynic, he lived life in all its

phases. He was a citizen who felt his citizenship and he took a keen interest in his city, his State, his country, just as every American should. Because he thought he ought to do his part, he served a term in the Illinois legislature,



MRS. FITCH AND CHILDREN

fighting for better government, though he could ill afford the time from his literary labors.

Best of all his accomplishments, he was an ideal father, a tried and true chum to his children who obeyed him because they loved him. To build forts and castles in the sand-pile, to model ships and comic characters the neighbors came for blocks to see, to tell wonderful and funnily fearful bed-time stories, were not the least of George Fitch's accomplishments, nor the least to be envied and desired.

These glimpses may give you an inkling of how spirited a publicist, how companionable a father and husband, how honored a citizen, how well-rounded a character was George Fitch the man, aside from the fame and accomplishment of George Fitch the author.

But no such brief and hurried recital of a few tangible and intangible facts can give any adequate sense of the bright spirit George Fitch was to those who knew him. Why do I say was? Am I

asking you to believe that George Fitch is contained in the brief years which elapsed between his first breath and his last sigh?



THE LITTLE FITCHES

Mary, 11; Elinor, 9; Janet, 6

That George Fitch was born June 7th, 1877, may be necessary to record, but why? Why figures? All of us know that he was born, and born into a world which needed him, which still needs him, which still loves him. What else matters?

That George Fitch died August 9th, 1915, I refuse to believe. I pick up "At Good Old Siwash," "Sizing up Uncle Sam," "Homeburg Memories," or any of the books or articles and in the first sentence I can hear him speak. I close my eyes and I can see him, along with a dozen or a hundred other good fellows, none of whom are within reach of my hand-shake at this moment, but they are somewhere else and by thinking of them, I bring them to my consciousness.

Among them, George Fitch comes to me in a variety of ways, but chiefly he throws his arm across my shoulder and peers down with me at something worth reading. If it is very good, he looks up appreciatively and that dry, wide smile crosses his face and dies slowly.

He does not laugh aloud, nor would I call it a very contagious smile, but it is George's smile and that is enough. Why does he come to me thus and throw his arm across my shoulder? He is not a very demonstrative chap, for he is just sensitive enough to be a trifle reserved. His writings tell you that, I think. No matter how tumultuous his fun, he always knows just when to stop it, and in real life, I never saw him tumultuous. To my mind, the reason he comes to me in this manner, or the reason that memory, or my subconscious self brings him to me in this manner is that the attitude is characteristic of him, of his literary rather than his physical self. Surely in reading him, you feel the comradeship of him. You feel the touch of his hand upon your shoulder. You see the slow flash of his smile as you lower the book to throw back your head and laugh deliciously at his humor. He thinks it is good, too? More, he knows it is good, for he worked hard upon it, but he is not the least bit conceited or vain about it. No one ever took success less self-consciously than George Fitch. He worked hard for it; he had always worked hard to do good work—just to do good work!—and he was still working hard up to the last. He felt that he was just beginning. Everybody else felt the same way. Good as his "stuff" was, the big work, the sustained work, the life work, was to come.

No one will ever know just how big that life work was to be, but it ranged all the way from a book on English cathedrals to stories of boy psychology, from historical adventure in the Middle West

to studies of ancient Rome. Nor were these mere haphazard dreams. Some of the material was already gathered, some of the plots were planned and the dream people had begun to live in them. He was a systematic worker and knew the direction he was going.

And now, just because that bigger work isn't coming, that's the only way I feel or believe that George Fitch is dead. I always recall him as living. I see him in so many places, on sea and land, at home and abroad, and he is always the same, always quiet, but always companionable, in every crowd. I hear him talk and whether he talks to me alone or to cheering audiences, I find no difference in him. He talks well and he is always looking ahead. He is nearly always humorous, but always more than that. I think no one would ever accuse him of being what is known as a "funny man." He seemed never to make any bid for laughter. Most speakers, especially most humorous speakers, have some mannerisms which run along with their words to help make them effective. It may be a trick of expression, of gesture, of vocal inflection, but George Fitch used none of these. He spoke directly and neither by the twinkle of an eye in advance, nor the suggestion of an over-pause at the end of a sentence led you to believe that he had any idea the speech was humorous. His humor was as sincere as most men's logic.

I can close my eyes at this moment and see and hear him do this. Why should I believe that he is dead? True, his letters have not reached me of late, but then we were both careless that way, except when something definite was afoot. True, he has not been to see me lately, but then neither have I been to see him. Usually we met because the blessed fates brought us together. True, too, I have not seen his newer writings. As I said before, that is almost the only reason that I fear that what they say is true, that George Fitch is no more.

But then, I close my eyes again and there he is! How can he be no more, I ask you, when I can see him, aye, can feel him, as any one may feel him who will read him? As for the big work, let it go. His work is big enough. It is a big thing to have effected as much good cheer as is in the writings of George Fitch. Not humor only, not sentiment merely, not only that clean, keen appeal to the best side of human nature, but that loveliness in laughter which lurks in all he does and is. Yes, I still insist upon the present tense. I will not say George Fitch was. George Fitch is.

EDNA FERBER—There's nothing to say about George Fitch except that he was just as sane and sweet and lovable as everything he wrote.

HENRY J. FORMAN, *Collier's Weekly*—To my thinking George Fitch was one of the most courteous, simple hearted, and gallant of writing men. He was a fine American humorist, but, depend upon it, he was even a finer American man.

S. E. KISER, *Chicago Herald*—Possessed of modesty that was not assumed for the purpose of making it appear that he was eccentric, George Fitch was an exemplification of the fact that it is possible to be a genius and a gentleman.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON—He was the kind of man one loves at sight. I have rarely known anyone who appealed to me as he did. There was an infinite sweetness and gentleness in him, and he was so clean of soul, so fine and manly a character.

EDWARD W. BOK—It seems to me that he had just begun his work, and the world of readers needed his inimitable wit so much. I looked upon him as one of the few writers of true humor of the day, and was so happy to have him at work for us.

CARL VROOMAN—My all too brief acquaintance with him was a joy from the beginning. His fresh and unspoiled individuality shone out in his every action and spoken word as it did in his writings. There are few men of whom I have ever been able to say that they were lovable, and George was one of these few. Little as we have been together, I counted him among my choicest and best loved friends.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT—I loved him—loved to be with him. We could not talk long—a strange shyness came over us—as if we would have to talk years if we ever began right. But there were volumes of unspoken things which we felt.

VACHEL LINDSAY—When last I was in the East, George was passing through New York and came to see me, and that was our last meeting. We had a most fraternal time—and I think I shall remember him by that call—and I hope our paths will cross again, in some further places now hid by the dimness. And I remember him most of all in your own home where all was most happy, with his children on his knees. We had fine hours together there.

MRS. KELLOGG FAIRBANKS—It is impossible for me to realize that that wonderfully vital and bright spirit is gone, and I feel that the whole country is the poorer for it.

He who attempts to write an appreciation of the life and character of George Fitch is forcibly impressed with the poverty of the English language. One almost wishes for a fourth degree of comparison with which to describe adequately the nobleness of character of this man—Sigma Delta Chi's most beloved member—of whom Franklin P. Adams, of the New York *Tribune*, wrote: "Never in the world a sweeter, saner, more generous and lovable human being."

George Fitch, one of the best known of the younger school of American humorists, died in Berkeley, Cal., August 9, 1915, having failed to rally from an operation for appendicitis performed two days before. He had been visiting his sister, Miss R. Louise Fitch, and planned to visit the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco, and to attend the annual convention of the American Press Humorists' Association. He was born June 5, 1877, at Galva, Ill., and was the son of Elmer Eli and Rachel (Helgesen) Fitch. In 1897 he was graduated from Knox College at Galesburg, Ill., where he not only made a good record as a student but also obtained the inspiration for his famous "Siwash" tales.

Mr. Fitch began his newspaper career in 1897 on the *Galesburg Evening Mail* and then went to edit the *Galva News*. After a session at Madison, Ill., he served from 1902 to 1905 as a special writer on the Council Bluffs (Ia.) *Nonpareil*, and began to specialize in humorous paragraphs that made him famous locally. His last newspaper was the Peoria (Ill.) *Herald-Transcript*, where he was both managing editor and feature writer, and where his fame became more than local. In 1912 he was elected to the Illinois House of Representatives. It was in September, 1911, that Mr. Fitch joined the staff of the Adams Newspaper Service, where he created his "Vest Pocket Essays," which have probably given him his greatest popularity as a humorist, and which have appeared in approximately 150 newspapers a day ever since. He was married October 5, 1905, to Miss Clara Gattrell Lynn, of Kansas City, Mo., who survives him, with three little girls.

Members of Sigma Delta Chi who attended the May, 1914, convention at Ann Arbor will always remember the speech that Mr. Fitch made in which he told the story of his life. Those who had the good fortune to have heard that talk know that it was his genuineness that made him such a beloved man. As Edgar A. Guest, of Detroit, said: "To have known George Fitch was to have known how splendid may be man."

—From "The Quill" for October, 1915

VICTOR MURDOCK—Altogether I did not spend probably as much as twelve hours with him during all the time I have known him, but every minute of that time was vibrant and vivid with understanding—the keen attuning that makes all common activity so material and understanding so high and fine, and belief in the infinite so restfully certain. It makes my thought poor to give it words, but I know he lives, as fine, as clean, as pure and bright somewhere as here.

MEDILL McCORMICK—Of all of my friends who are gone, there live in my memory vivid, vital, dear personalities a woman a good deal older than myself, Richard Mansfield, and George. I never think of him (and that is often) without poignant affection.

LEONARD H. ROBBINS—He possessed all the qualities that made Mark Twain; and he had more—a fineness that Clemens lacked. It is very hard for us to understand why he had to go away from a career so surely made, a success so cleanly won, and a world that needed him so badly.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE—I had come to be very fond of George Fitch and his loss affected me like the loss of a brother. I have felt lonelier in the world since he left.

GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS—It all seems so unreal, but it is a great comfort as one thinks about it all, that George did not leave anything but the finest that was in him and that his friends will long live off of this rich heritage.

MARK SULLIVAN, in *Collier's Weekly*—George Fitch died the other day. Magazine subscribers knew him as the author of the Siwash stories and of playful bits of American humor. Newspaper readers all over the country knew him as the source of the "Vest-Pocket Essays" which could be read while the taste of the last swallow of breakfast coffee lingered. Back in his home town of Peoria citizens knew him as an editor of a daily paper and a member of the Illinois legislature who put a good heart as well as a good head into the service of the people. Acquaintances knew him as a young man with a taste for cruising up and down middle-western rivers; but many of us will want to remember him as a successful writer who remained unaffected—who, in a day when too many authors adopt codes of special-privilege morals, kept his work out of intellectual marshes and for himself preferred the clean air of decent altitudes.

EDW. H. BUTLER, in the *Buffalo News*—For a half dozen years George Fitch has been the nation's foremost humorist. His fun was

more typically American than the product of any other man and back of his laughing lines was a wholesome philosophy that made life sweet for some who found it bitter.

To a greater degree than any man we know he fulfilled life's mission which he himself always declared to be: "To do one thing worth while and do it better than any other person can do it."

His Siwash College stories portrayed college pranks in a wholesome way, robbed them of college caste and gave to each character the lovable qualities of the real college youth. His motor boat stories amused thousands and his Homeburg tales were intensely human to people familiar with small community life.

Unlike most men buried in books, George Fitch found time to be an aggressively good citizen. As editor of the Peoria *Transcript*, he conducted and aided some of Illinois' most memorable fights for good government. His campaigns were without bitterness and without sting, but he employed, to great advantage, his wonderful power to make a joke carry the truth.

The death of George Fitch is untimely—he was not yet forty years of age. The world has not enough men of his kind.

T. K. HEDRICK, in the *Chicago Daily News*—While the states are taking stock of their great men, Illinois should not forget the late George Fitch, gentle and lovable humorist, inimitable story teller, cheerful and kindly reformer and faithful friend to thousands. Probably no Illinoisan has brought more cheer and hopefulness into more lives than "good old George"—rest his soul!—and in many ways he qualifies for any hall of fame that Illinois may elect to establish.

KIN HUBBARD (Abe Martin)—In these days of coarse fun and far-fetched nonsense George Fitch could ill be spared from the dwindling ranks of real American humorists, of which he was perhaps the most shining prospect.

A. A. BOYDEN, the *American Magazine*—I first remember George Fitch when he came to Knox Academy. Later he joined the same fraternity I belonged to, so I felt as if I knew him pretty well. But the interesting point is that I did not know him at all. It was not until ten or twelve years later when he first became contributor to the *American Magazine* that I got any sense of what an extraordinary person he was. And it was not I, but Mr. Siddall, one of my associates, who started George in the *American Magazine*. Verily a prophet is not without honor, etc. George Fitch's pictures of the small towns of the middle west ought to live along with John

McCutcheon's "Bird Center" cartoons. All of us who are natives of these same small towns will always take off our hats to these two geniuses.

HENRY M. PINDELL, *Peoria Journal*—A number of well-meaning commentators have essayed to pay George Fitch a kindly compliment in statements to the effect that the Fitch wit was "always without a sting." George did have a quality of humor, which he used copiously in his fiction, that was stingless and kindly. Humor is essentially gentle and playful, but George Fitch was more than a writer of humor, he was one of the keenest satirists of his time. And when he shot a shaft at some sham or evil that needed puncturing he shot a stinger—and it stung as it was meant to. There is no contemporary American who excels George Fitch as a master of keen, penetrating sarcasm.

WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH, *Peoria*—I need not say that the passing of George Fitch leaves a void in my heart which will long stay unfilled. Next to Bill Nye, I counted him the greatest among modern humorists. He could puncture a sham and leave the shammer alive and purged of his sin to the extent he would go and sin no more. And such is the mission of a real humorist. Such was George.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY—Even while we smiled and laughed with him, he left us, hushed as though awaiting the gladness of his return. Only heaven is the brighter now.—Indianapolis, August 21, 1915.

"On the death of its charter member, George Fitch, the Society of Midland Authors has suffered a grievous loss. He was loved for himself and for his work; for his high attitude toward life, which was filled with sweetness and expectancy, and for his humor, which was without bitterness.

"Charged by the society with the expression of its sentiments, the undersigned herewith convey to Mrs. Fitch, the brother and sister sympathy of all its members.

"BERT LESTON TAYLOR

"ELLA W. PEATTIE

"CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

"H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR"

The Fitch Memorial at Knox

When George Fitch died in August, 1915, Knox College lost one of her most widely known and most loyal alumni. From more than one of his old college associates came the suggestion that some appropriate memorial should be established at the institution which was the inspiration of his early literary ambitions, and in close connection with the student life upon which he has drawn so liberally for his Siwash stories.

George Fitch's interest in his college and its undergraduate life did not cease with his own graduation in 1897, but increased with the years. It was an interest that was positive and substantial. He entered with enthusiasm into the plans for a larger and greater Knox. In June, 1914, he accepted the presidency of the Knox Alumni Association, intent upon furthering in every possible way the interest of his Alma Mater. One very definite purpose was the development of the Knox College Library, a purpose which found expression in his purchase and donation of a collection of books dealing principally with American history.

Therefore, when the further suggestion was made that the Fitch Memorial at Knox might appropriately take the form of an endowment of \$50,000 for the College Library, the idea received immediate and general approval, as well as the endorsement of Mrs. Fitch.

The Knox students were the first to respond. In less than a week the four college classes subscribed nearly \$10,000 as a foundation for the fund. Subsequent subscriptions by members of the faculty and others secured by the students among their friends have brought this amount to \$15,000. The Knox Alumni Association has undertaken the completion of the fund.

George Fitch

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

"He came and laughed and went his way,
Lending something to the day
That flashed as with a mystic light—
Something wise and kind and gay.

So when he went into the night
Out beyond our mortal sight,
Lo! he left us with his clay
God's joy flashing from the height."



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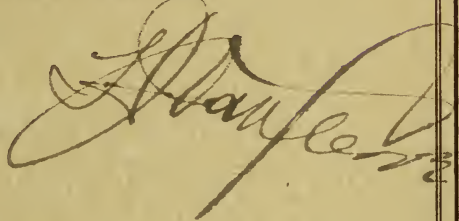
Volume 2

August 1919

Number 6

complete

THE INAUGURATION OF JAMES LUKENS McCONAUGHY NINTH PRESIDENT OF KNOX COLLEGE



PROGRAM OF THE EVENTS, LISTS
OF DELEGATES, REPRESENTATIVE
GUESTS AND COMMITTEES, AND
ADDRESSES AT THE INAUGURA-
TION EXERCISES ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

GALESBURG, ILLINOIS
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY
APRIL TWENTY-NINE AND
THIRTY, NINETEEN HUN-
DRED AND NINETEEN :: :: ::

THE PROGRAM OF EVENTS OF THE INAUGURATION

THE INAUGURATION DINNER

Galesburg Club, Tuesday at 6:30 p. m.

Dean William E. Simonds, Toastmaster

HISTORICAL PROGRAM

Two Pioneers, Illinois and Knox

Charles H. Rammelkamp, Ph. D.
President of Illinois College

Newton Bateman

Francis G. Blair, LL. D.
State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Illinois

Education and the National Spirit

Charles A. Richmond, D. D., LL. D.
President of Union College

RECEPTION BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

In honor of President and Mrs. McConaughy

Galesburg Club, Tuesday at 9:00 p. m.

MEETING OF THE FEDERATION OF ILLINOIS COLLEGES

Chamberlain Hall, Wednesday at 8:30 a. m.

THE ACADEMIC PROCESSION

Wednesday at 9:30 a. m.

THE INAUGURATION EXERCISES

Central Church, Wednesday at 10:00 a. m.

GEORGE A. LAWRENCE
Vice-President of the Board of Trustees, Presiding

OVERTURE

Festive March Rogers
Professor John Winter Thompson, Organist

DOXOLOGY

The Old Hundredth

INVOCATION

By the Reverend James McConaughy, Litt. D., of Philadelphia

PRESENTATION OF THE KEYS OF THE COLLEGE

By John Huston Finley, Ph. D., LL. D.

ACCEPTANCE

By the President of the College

SALUTATIONS TO THE COLLEGE

- By David Kinley, Ph. D., LL. D., Vice-President of the University of Illinois
In behalf of the State of Illinois
- By Melvin Amos Brannon, Ph. D., LL. D., President of Beloit College
In behalf of the Association of American Colleges
- By Joseph Mayo Tilden, A. M., LL. D., President of Lombard College
In behalf of Lombard College
- By Craven Laycock, A. M., Dean of Dartmouth College
In behalf of the Colleges of the East
- By Thomas Franklin Holgate, Ph. D., LL. D., President ad interim, North-
western University
In behalf of the Federation of Illinois Colleges
- By Frank H. Burt, LL. D., President of the Y. M. C. A. College
In behalf of the Alumni

HYMN (Dundee) - - - - - Isaac Watts

INDUCTION OF THE PRESIDENT

By George A. Lawrence, LL. D.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS

By the President of the College

BENEDICTION

By the Rt. Rev. Edward Fawcett, Ph. D., D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of
Quincy

RECESSIONAL

"Hail Knox All Glorious"
By Professor John Winter Thompson

THE EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE

Beecher Chapel, Wednesday at 2:15 p. m.

The President of the College presiding

The Reorganization of Physical Education in the College

James R. Angell, A. M., Litt. D.

Dean of the University of Chicago

The Colleges in a Nationalized Educational Scheme

Samuel P. Capen, A. M., Ph. D., Specialist in Higher Education

United States Bureau of Education

The Psychological Examination of College Students

Walter V. Bingham, Ph. D., Dean of the Carnegie Institute of Technology

Formerly Lieutenant-Colonel and Executive Secretary of the Committee on
the Classification of Personnel, Adjutant-General's Office, War De-
partment, Washington

Discussion opened by Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, A. M., LL. D.

Dean of Columbia University

ADDRESSES ON TWENTIETH CENTURY EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS

Central Church, Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

The President of the College presiding

COMBINED GLEE CLUBS

"Song of Old Knox" John Winter Thompson

VIOLIN CHOIR

"Spanish Dance" Moszkowski

ADDRESS

Charles F. Thwing, D. D., LL. D., Litt. D.

President of Western Reserve University

KNOX CONSERVATORY GLEE CLUB

"Invictus" Huhn

ADDRESS

John Huston Finley, Ph. D., LL. D.

Commissioner of Education, State of New York

KNOX COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

"By the Sea" Fearis

STUDENT CELEBRATION

The Armory, Wednesday at 9:30 p. m.

Delegates and Representative Guests

HARVARD UNIVERSITY	LOUIS ALLARD, Agrégé-des-Lettres, Assistant Professor of French
YALE UNIVERSITY	ROBERT DUDLEY FRENCH, A. M., Assistant Professor of English
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY	FREDERICK J. E. WOODBRIDGE, A. M., LL. D., Dean of the Graduate Faculties
BROWN UNIVERSITY	GERALD BIRNEY SMITH, A. M., D. D., Professor of Christian Theology, University of Chicago
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE	CRAVEN LAYCOCK, A. M., Dean
UNION COLLEGE	CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND, D. D., LL. D., President
ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY	HENRY HAMMERSLEY WALKER, Ph. D., D. D., Professor of Church History, Chicago Theological Seminary
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY	REV. STUART McALPINE CAMPBELL, D. D., Galesburg
AMHERST COLLEGE	WILLIAM LONGSTRETH RAUB, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy, Knox College
TRINITY COLLEGE	WILLIAM NEWNHAM CHATTIN CARLTON, A. M., L. H. D., Chicago
WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY	CHARLES F. THWING, D. D., LL. D., Litt. D., President
SHURTLEFF COLLEGE	GEORGE MILTON POTTER, A. M., President
ILLINOIS COLLEGE	CHARLES HENRY RAMMELKAMP, Ph. D., President
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY	CLYDE A. FINLEY, M. D., Galesburg
PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE	JAMES McCONAUGHY, A. M., Litt. D., Philadelphia, Pa.
OBERLIN COLLEGE	AZARIAH SMITH ROOT, A. M., Librarian, Professor of Bibliography
MONTICELLO SEMINARY (AND JUNIOR COLLEGE)	HARRIET RICE CONGDON, A. B., Principal
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN	JOHN ROBERT EFFINGER, Ph. D., Dean of the College of Literature, Science and the Arts
MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE	JOHN M. WARBEKE, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy
BELOIT COLLEGE	MELVIN A. BRANNON, Ph. D., LL. D., President
GRINNELL COLLEGE	HARRY WALDO NORRIS, A. M., Professor of Zoology
MCCORMICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY	REV. J. GIBSON LOWRIE, A. M., D. D., Galesburg
COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK	ROBERT CALVIN WHITFORD, A. M., Instructor in English, University of Illinois
WHEATON COLLEGE	CHARLES ALBERT BLANCHARD, A. M., D. D., President
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN	KARL YOUNG, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of English
ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY	FRANCIS M. AUSTIN, A. M., Professor of Latin WILBERT FERGUSON, A. M., Professor of German
UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER	GEORGE TUCKER SELLEW, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics, Knox College
STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA	RANDALL PARRISH, Litt. D., Kewanee
LOMBARD COLLEGE	JOSEPH MAYO TILDEN, A. M., LL. D., President CHARLES MARSHALL POOR, A. M., Ph. D., Dean
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY	THOMAS FRANKLIN HOLGATE, Ph. D., LL. D., President ad interim ULYSSES SHERMAN GRANT, Ph. D., Acting Dean, College of Liberal Arts

Delegates and Representative Guests

CORNELL COLLEGE	ORRIN HAROLD SMITH, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of Physics
CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY	HARRY THOMAS STOCK, A. M., Librarian
BEREA COLLEGE	REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, A. M., D. D., LL. D., Vice-President
EUREKA COLLEGE	SAMUEL GLENN HARROD, Ph. D., Registrar
HEDDING COLLEGE	JAMES A. WHITTED, A. M., Dean
TUFTS COLLEGE	SAMUEL P. CAPEN, A. M., Ph. D., Washington, D. C.
LAKE FOREST COLLEGE	HENRY WILKES WRIGHT, Ph. D., Acting President
MONMOUTH COLLEGE	THOMAS HANNA McMICHAEL, A. M., D. D., President LUTHER EMERSON ROBINSON, A. M., Professor of English
AUGUSTANA COLLEGE	GUSTAV ALBERT ANDREEN, Ph. D., D. D., President EDWARD FRY BARTHOLOMEW, Ph. D., D. D., L. H. D., Vice-President and Professor of English and Philosophy
NORTH-WESTERN COLLEGE	EDWARD EVERETT RALL, Ph. D., President
VASSAR COLLEGE	KATHERINE BLUNT, Ph. D., Associate Professor of Food Chemistry, University of Chicago
HOPE COLLEGE	JAMES STERENBERG, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of Greek and Biblical Literature, Knox College
PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION	REV. GEORGE THOMAS McCOLLUM, D. D., Chicago
HOWARD UNIVERSITY	REV. ARTHUR M. LITTLE, Ph. D., D. D., Peoria
SIMPSON COLLEGE	JAMES WATSON CAMPBELL, Ph. D., D. D., President
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS	DAVID KINLEY, Ph. D., LL. D., Vice-President and Dean of the Graduate School ROBERT ENOCH HIERONYMUS, A. M., LL. D., Community Adviser
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE	A. W. TOTMAN, B. S., Chicago
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA	GUY STANTON FORD, Ph. D., Dean of the Graduate School
PURDUE UNIVERSITY	HERMAN BABSON, A. M., Ph. D., Professor and head of Department of Modern Languages
CARTHAGE COLLEGE	HARVEY DANIEL HOOVER, Ph. D., President WILLIAM KUHN'S HILL, Sc. D., Dean
DRURY COLLEGE	THOMAS WILLIAM NADAL, A. M., Ph. D., President
COLORADO COLLEGE	CLYDE AUGUSTUS DUNIWAY, Ph. D., LL. D., President
UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO	GEORGE O. FAIRWEATHER, J. D., Chicago
PARK COLLEGE	FREDERICK WILLIAM HAWLEY, A. M., D. D., LL. D., President
PARSONS COLLEGE	R. AMES MONTGOMERY, D. D., LL. D., President
COE COLLEGE	CHARLES THOMAS HICKOK, Ph. D., Professor of Economics

Delegates and Representative Guests

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA	TEMPLE IRWIN GROUT, A. M., Winchester
THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION COLLEGE	FRANK H. BURT, LL. D., President
POMONA COLLEGE	MENDAL GARBUTT FRAMPTON, A. M., Professor of English
FARGO COLLEGE	E. LEE HOWARD, D. D., President
TEACHERS COLLEGE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY	PAUL MONROE, Ph. D., LL. D., Director of School of Education
BARNARD COLLEGE	FREDERICK J. E. WOODBRIDGE, A. M., LL. D., Dean of the Graduate Faculties, Columbia University
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY	RICHARD L. SANDWICK, A. B., Highland Park
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO	JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL, A. M., Litt. D., Dean of Faculties
BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE	CLARENCE ELMER COMSTOCK, A. M., Professor of Mathematics
WESTERN ILLINOIS STATE NORMAL SCHOOL	SAMUEL B. HURSH, A. M., Dean
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY	WALTER VAN DYKE BINGHAM, A. M., Ph. D., Dean
JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY	ALBERT REYNOLDS TAYLOR, Ph. D., LL. D., President JOHN CHARLES HESSLER, Ph. D., Dean
WILLIAM AND VASHTI COLLEGE	ROY FREDERICK SWIFT, Ph. D., President
LOYOLA UNIVERSITY	REV. JOHN B. FURAY, S. J., President
CAIRO UNIVERSITY (EGYPT)	ROBERT STEWART MCCLENAHAN, A. M., LL. D., Vice-President
UNITED STATES BUREAU OF EDUCATION	SAMUEL P. CAPEN, A. M., Ph. D., Specialist in Higher Education
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN COLLEGES	MELVIN A. BRANNON, Ph. D., LL. D., President of Beloit College
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK	JOHN HUSTON FINLEY, Ph. D., LL. D., Commissioner
THE STATE OF ILLINOIS	DAVID KINLEY, Ph. D., LL. D., Vice-President of the University of Illinois
DEPARTMENT OF INSTRUCTION, STATE OF ILLINOIS	FRANCIS G. BLAIR, LL. D., Superintendent of Public Instruction
THE DIOCESE OF QUINCY	RT. REV. EDWARD FAWCETT, Ph. D., D. D., Bishop
THE CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE OF ILLINOIS	REV. GEORGE THOMAS MCCOLLUM, D. D.
THE PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD OF ILLINOIS	REV. STUART McALPINE CAMPBELL, D. D.
KNOX COUNTY PUBLIC SCHOOLS	WALTER F. BOYES, Superintendent
GALESBURG PUBLIC SCHOOLS	TRESSLER W. CALLIHAN, Superintendent
CATHOLIC SCHOOLS OF GALESBURG	REV. FATHER GEORGE DOUBLEDAY, Corpus Christi Church

The Committees in Charge

General Committee

Vice-President George A. Lawrence, Chairman
Rev. Stuart M. Campbell, Vice-Chairman
Professor William L. Raub, Secretary
Professor John L. Conger
Professor Herbert E. Griffith
Rev. Charles E. McKinley
Mr. Philip S. Post
Miss Mary Scott
Dean William E. Simonds

The Inauguration Exercises

Dean William E. Simonds, Chairman
Professor William L. Raub, Secretary
Professor John L. Conger
Professor Herbert E. Griffith
Miss Mary Scott

The Academic Procession

Grand Marshal . . Professor William L. Raub
College Marshal . . Dan McNeal
Aides Dean William E. Simonds
 Mr. Everett E. Hinchliff
Student Aides . . G. Murlin Hoover
 Harry H. Cleaveland, Jr.
 Sherman S. Ely
 Carlton B. Peirce
 Richard W. Spake
 Homer J. Swope

The Dinner

Rev. Charles E. McKinley, Chairman
Miss Grace A. Stayt
Mrs. George T. Sellew

Educational Conference

Professor James Sterenberg, Chairman
Miss Florence E. Willard

Entertainment

Professor George T. Sellew, Chairman
Professor Roy E. Curtis
Miss Mary Scott
Mr. Everett Hinchliff

Music

Professor William F. Bentley, Chairman
Professor John W. Thompson
Miss Anna L. Week

Student Celebration

Dean William E. Simonds, Chairman
Professor Benjamin H. Grave
The Student Council

Academic Costume

Dr. Lucius W. Elder, Chairman
Miss Helen Calkins

Entertainment of High School

Principals

Professor John L. Conger, Chairman
Professor William P. Drew
Professor Jean N. Campbell
Superintendent Tressler W. Callihan
Principal Arthur W. Willis

Informal Luncheon

Mrs. John W. Thompson, Chairman
Mrs. Herbert E. Griffith
Miss Edith Hogue

Registration

Miss Marian P. Cartland, Chairman
Mrs. F. C. Woods

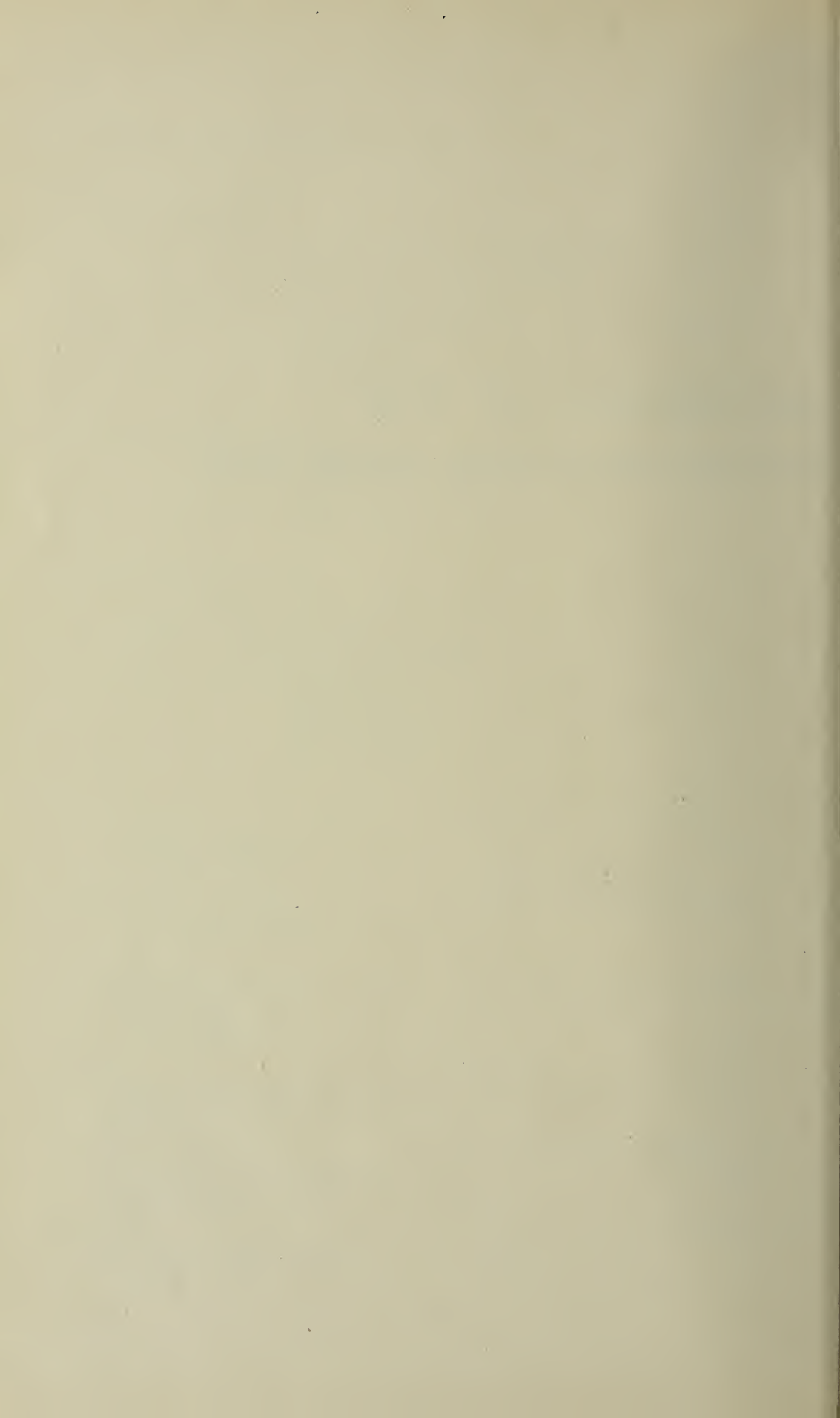
Federation of Illinois Colleges

Professor Herbert E. Griffith, Chairman

Reception

Professor Frederick A. Middlebush, Chairman
Mr. Edward R. Drake
Professor Jessie R. Holmes

ADDRESSES AT THE
INAUGURATION EXERCISES



SALUTATION

By VICE-PRESIDENT GEORGE A. LAWRENCE

Two and eighty years ago, the Founders of Knox College established upon this spot, then an unbroken prairie, the beginnings of a College, devoted to the training of men to the Christian ministry, of women, to take their proper place in life and to afford to all the opportunity of self-help in the accomplishment of those ends. They were of the then Middle West, and for a third of a century the College thus established maintained the ideals of the founders, and secured by the steadfast loyalty of trustees, faculty and students, a deserved place among the educational institutions of the land. Five men during that period filled its presidential chair with distinguished ability and devotion. An interregnum of three years followed during which the sky was overcast and the days were filled with anxiety. A man educated in the West, filled with its spirit and alive to its necessity, was called to assume the leadership, and under the guiding hand of Newton Bateman, of blessed memory, the College had a new birth and entered upon a new career. When the weight of years compelled that our President lay down the burden he had carried so long and well, there was at hand one of his own boys, a son of Knox, a young man of but twenty-nine years of age, upon whose broad and willing shoulders, and to whose clear intellect the Board of Trustees were willing to entrust the responsibility, and right royally and well did he fulfill the trust.

John H. Finley, thank God, not of blessed memory, but of present pride, love and anticipation, gave new impulse and direction to the College and established its name throughout the world. He, called to a wider field of usefulness, which he has splendidly filled, there came to us a man whose absence to-day by reason of impaired health, we all deplore. Thomas McClelland, in seventeen years of heroic service, upheld the standards of the institution, increased the student body, and laid financial foundations well and deep that insure its perpetuity. Knox College has lacked money, but it never suffered from the sting of poverty. Poverty is not necessarily the lack of money, but the lack of ideals, aim, purpose, power, and in these essentials she has ever been rich.

We are assembled here to-day to enlist under a new leadership, in an effort to make even more glorious that for which the founders made their great sacrifice, and which their successors have with such fidelity, piety and skill carried in to this day of yet newer beginnings. We have again chosen a young man, whose shoulders are also broad; whose intellect is clear; whose ideals are high and whose preparation is complete. It is my very pleasant privilege, on behalf of the Board of Trustees and Faculty, to extend most cordial greetings, and to welcome representatives of Colleges, Alumni and friends, who have responded to our invitation to take part in the exercises of these Inaugural Days.

PRESENTATION OF THE KEYS OF THE COLLEGE

INTRODUCTION OF DR. FINLEY

By VICE-PRESIDENT LAWRENCE

The key is the symbol of authority. My official relations with Knox College have never been such that its keys have come into my possession, but we have with us to-day a most distinguished member of our Board of Trustees, who held them safely and well for seven years. With them he opened wide her doors of opportunity, and with them likewise kept our College safely closed against all despoilers.

I have the pleasure of introducing Dr. John H. Finley, an honored member of our Board of Trustees, Commissioner of Education for the great State of New York, and known for his services throughout the world.

PRESENTATION OF THE KEY

By DR. JOHN H. FINLEY

I am one of the three oldest living college or university presidents in point of service. I have seen many presidents come, I have seen many go. I have seen some both come and go. Before Wilson and Hadley and Lowell and Butler and Judson were, was I. I spanned the years between our beloved Bateman and our devoted and successful McClelland. And now I stand on the walls of Knox College like Priam of old on the walls of Troy, not, as he, I hope, garrulous with age but wiser with years, and point out to our Helen, our Alma Mater, the young heroes in the educational conflicts of the new day, in the plain above. Proudest of all am I to identify to her the giant figure of our new and young leader, whom I have come all the way from ancient Troy by Scamander's stream to join in welcoming—Dr. McConaughy—and proud shall I be to be remembered as one of his eight predecessors. If they could all stand with me, as they do invisibly, they would not only cordially welcome you, but as Priam and his aged companions said of Helen, as they saw her pass, that she was worth all the tribulation of the Trojan War, so immortally sung, they would say of Knox, "She is worth all the giving and sacrificing and fighting for her."

I have been asked by the Board to give you the key to the College; it is practically unnecessary. You have already found your way into the College and into the hearts of the Knox faculty, students and graduates. But I give it to you as a symbol of what you already have and are to hold increasingly with the years. We should almost wish to keep the key ourselves and lock you in as the prisoner of our hope for Knox.

There is a story of a Scotch sexton, who, as the members of the congregation slipped away one by one during a long sermon, by the new minister, finally went to him and said, "Here, minister, is the key, lock up the kirk when you get doon." We of the congregation of the Alumni shall one by one slip away from the earth as the years go by. May you stay on beyond the last of us and lock up when you get "doon;" then hand on the key to one as promising and as worthy as yourself to receive it.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE KEY

By PRESIDENT MCCONAUGHY

It is impossible to put into words my feelings as I undertake the position of responsibility so ably filled by you and my other predecessors. You are one of the most cherished heritages of the Knox of to-day. You demonstrated the Knox principle that in securing a college education brains and grit are more essential than gold. Since you left Knox you have brought honor after honor to the College over which you once presided, and which still looks to you for guidance. Our thoughts also turn to your successor, Dr. McClelland, loved by all, whose absence to-day we so regret. He, too, served Knox nobly and well; her present prosperity is due very largely to his efforts. May his rest speedily bring him to health and strength.

You have given me a key as the symbol of the College. It is, I think, most fitting that a key should be the physical representation of the College. For a college is a place that gives keys to its students. A college education is not a veneer, an adornment to be worn. It is something to be used, to open doors of opportunities and service. The boy or girl who is trained in this prairie college carries the key to unlock the future and its possibilities.

And this key is an old-fashioned key. I am glad it is, for Knox is an old-fashioned college. In this ultra modern day when every subject under heaven is taught somewhere, Knox continues to teach the classics and mathematics and other old-fashioned subjects. Every Knox Freshman has to study mathematics; many study Latin; quite a few, Greek. I hope Knox will always remain true to her old-fashioned ideas of scholarship.

I note, too, that it is a heavy key. The door that it unlocks is one heavy with responsibilities. One might hesitate to accept such a heavy burden. But in eight months' association with Knox trustees, faculty, students and alumni, I have learned that they are ready and willing to share this load. So, Dr. Finley, I accept, with joyful anticipations, this key and the responsibilities it represents.

SALUTATIONS TO THE COLLEGE

IN BEHALF OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS

By VICE-PRESIDENT KINLEY, of the University of Illinois

In appearing before you at the request of His Excellency, Governor Frank O. Lowden, to represent the State and himself, I am conscious that a double honor has fallen to me; first, that which comes from Governor Lowden's request to be his representative on this occasion; and secondly, that which comes from being included among those permitted to participate in the exercises of a college with the great traditions and bright history that surround the name of Knox College.

His Excellency, the Governor, has a double interest in this occasion—that of an officer of your institution, and that of the Governor chosen by the people of a State whose educational history and ideals have always been such as to make for high standards of culture, citizenship, and private and public morals.

The history of Knox College is imbedded in the cultural history of the State of Illinois. The founders of the College were of that high type who in pioneer days foresaw the development on these prairies of a great commonwealth, full of promise in all those elements that make up the life activities of a democratic people. Their physical construction was small and modest, their intellectual and spiritual vision were lofty and great; for in the first modest buildings they taught the youth of the State those great ideals, those great eternal spiritual truths, those great political principles, those important social duties necessary for the living together of men and women in a commonwealth founded upon the principles of our Declaration of Independence and our Constitution. They well knew and firmly believed the thought in those lines:

“What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate,
Nor cities proud, with spires and turrets grand:
But men, high minded men—
Men who their duties know, and know their rights,
And knowing, dare maintain.”

Of such fibre are the men and women who have passed through the doors of this great College. The contribution of the graduates of Knox to the intellectual, moral, spiritual, economic and political history of the State is in very large measure the history of the State itself; and that the State of Illinois is what she is, is due in no small measure to the influence that Knox has exerted through the years of her history in inculcating those principles and those ideals.

It has been my pleasure to know something of Knox in recent years from the time when the honored friend at my left, the present Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, was her President, until now.

Dr. Finley was an old friend, and our friendship augmented that interest in Knox which I already had because of her own merits. With his successor, President McClelland, whose absence to-day we all regret, and for whose rapid restoration to health we all pray, I also had a personal connection in that we both came from Andover, he from the Theological Seminary and I from the town. I am looking forward

to having the same good, friendly, personal relations with your new President as I had with his predecessors, and will continue to add my personal interest in the success of Knox to the interest I feel as a colleague in the educational field.

I congratulate you officers and students of Knox College on the wisdom of your selection of Dr. James L. McConaughy as your new president. I offer these congratulations, as those of the Governor of our State, as those of the University from which I come, and also as my own. I congratulate President McConaughy on the honor which has been conferred on him in being selected to follow in the way marked out by the great presidents that have preceded him, and to hold aloft the standard of light and progress which is the banner of Knox College. That she will continue to be in the future as in the past, the bulwark for the establishment and maintenance of all that is good and sweet and high and noble in the life of the people of Illinois, I well know.

The future has promise of even greater things than the past has produced. On you, Mr. President, lies the great responsibility and the golden opportunity of their realization. In the name of the Governor and of the people whom he represents, I extend to you the heartiest good wishes for the largest possible success, and to Knox College our congratulations and best wishes in the promises of this new and greater era.

IN BEHALF OF THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN COLLEGES

By PRESIDENT BRANNON, of Beloit College

On this occasion it is a dual honor and pleasure to bring greetings and salutations and good wishes from the Association of American Colleges, and from Beloit College, to this ancient shrine of learning. The Association of American Colleges is composed of two hundred and forty-seven institutions, enrolling over 70,000 students, and officered by 6,000 teachers. The material equipment of this Association is valued at \$250,000,000.00.

Beloit College, together with Knox, shares with the other members of this American Association certain definite ideals and programs. Manifestly, therefore, the one point which should be accented in this greeting is the common objective toward which each unit in the American Association moves. That objective is Christian education.

There can be little question about the necessity of a Christian college re-defining its objective, its sphere of activities, and the program through which its objective may be approached wisely and efficiently. Clarification is necessary because this is an age of great human needs and a period when there must be the least possible loss of energy and motion. We must recognize that Christian education means the development in all human relations of *understandings* that are in harmony with the teachings of Christ. Unless the privately endowed college appreciates that high objective as its one particular goal, the sphere of influence which it has occupied in former times will be lost, and the essential reason for the Christian college will be entirely ignored.

At no time since the organization of the American college has there been so great a need of dynamic recognition of the function of the Christian college. This need exists within the college itself and in society at large. The need grows daily

more serious because of the tremendous shift toward materialism and utilitarian education. The need of that sort of attention is clearly shown by the terrible history of human misery written by materialistic Germany during the past four years. To prevent a repetition of the destruction which has always followed in the wake of materialism is our chief concern, and the one best way of escape lies through the dynamic service of the revitalized Christian college.

With keen appreciation of the worth and importance of our great state universities, leading educators insist that their fortification against the inroads of materialism consists largely in the influence and the service of the Christian colleges within the states supporting the increasingly powerful state university units. It must be understood that the privately endowed college is not competing with the State University. It is not adversely criticising the materialistic procedure whereby appropriations are obtained in response to the arguments of utilitarian service rendered by the state universities. On the contrary, the privately endowed college glories in the advance of the state-supported units, and urges more rather than less support. They recognize the large humanitarian service rendered by the powerful and growing state-supported units. Because this is true, the privately endowed colleges desire to coöperate with, and to furnish a great bulwark for all units of public education.

President McConaughy, it is with appreciation of the importance of Christian education and the great value of the privately endowed colleges with honorable histories, great ideals, and constructive programs, like Knox, that the Association of American Colleges brings greetings and good wishes to you and to Old Knox to-day. May your administration be filled with great achievement, and may the influence and the service of Knox College grow greater from day to day under the wise guidance which you will bring to her endeavors and to all educational efforts in the Mississippi Valley.

IN BEHALF OF LOMBARD COLLEGE

By PRESIDENT TILDEN, of Lombard College

In Massachusetts they call Boston the Hub of the Commonwealth; in provincial Boston they call their city the Hub of the Universe and they really think it is! Boston has an enviable reputation for culture and learning and music and art *and lives up* fairly well to that reputation. In Illinois we have a little city not unlike that Mecca on Massachusetts Bay. Galesburg is cultured, is learned, is fond of good art and knows good music. I dare not say that Galesburg (the Hub of the commonwealth of Illinois) is the Boston of the Mississippi Valley—but I may with propriety and safety say that Boston is the Galesburg of New England.

When Boston was a mere town of twenty thousand souls, she boasted Harvard College (almost within her limits), Boston University, Boston College, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; not to mention the Roxbury Latin School and perhaps other normal colleges.

It is quite fitting and proper then that our Mid-Western prototype should harbor more than one institution of learning of collegiate type and calibre.

It is quite fitting and proper, too, that Knox College and Lombard College should grow and wax strong together, that they should be competitors in the broadest sense of the word.

One could scarcely picture a friendly feeling between the institutions while watching that annual classic just before Thanksgiving day on the football gridiron, but when, a week later, a gallant company dressed in khaki marched side by side into church to attend a union service of the colleges, one could hardly imagine the same youths tearing at one another on the football field.

And so upon this most auspicious occasion, we of Lombard are given an opportunity of extending to our sister—older by a score of years—our sincerest felicitations upon the very happy event now transpiring.

It is not Dr. James L. McConaughy, however, whom we congratulate. It is Knox College, having secured a man that measures up to the enormous task before him, to whom we bespeak success; it is the Alumni, who know a list of other great men of successful performance and achievement, whom we congratulate for the man you are adding to your list; to that loyal and efficient body of Trustees, upon whom falls not only the credit for success but the discredit for a possible failure, to you we extend our congratulations, and to you, Dr. McConaughy, allow me to extend not only the personal sympathies and condolences of the President of Lombard College, but in the same breath the kindest feelings of the Lombard family, the good wishes of Lombard College and a prayer for your continued prosperity and success from the entire sister college, Lombard.

IN BEHALF OF THE COLLEGES OF THE EAST

By DEAN LAYCOCK, of Dartmouth College

When I was invited to come west and speak at this occasion, [said Dean Laycock, in part] I decided to tell them in Knox what I thought of them for coming to the hills of New Hampshire and taking one of the Dartmouth family as President of Knox College. But I have come to tell you of my pleasure at being allowed to represent the colleges of the East in their expression of good will toward Knox College.

Intercollegiate devotion is a strange thing and many people do not understand it. We do understand the devotion of a mother who gives her only son to fight for his country, without stopping to think whether he will come back or not. Intercollegiate devotion, while probably not as binding as that, is essentially of the same nature, and is as deep and as long standing. President McConaughy came to you from the East. He was graduated from Yale, was a graduate student in Columbia and spent several years in Bowdoin and in Dartmouth. I have come to express the feelings which the colleges of the East have toward the colleges of the West, in that close relationship which they bear to each other. From Columbia, Yale, Bowdoin, and above all from Dartmouth, I extend the best wishes and congratulations to Knox College and its new president, Dr. McConaughy.

IN BEHALF OF THE FEDERATION OF ILLINOIS COLLEGES

By PRESIDENT AD INTERIM HOLGATE, of Northwestern University

It is a privilege I greatly appreciate to be permitted on this happy occasion to extend the congratulations of the Federation of Illinois Colleges to Knox College on the choice of a President to continue the work so conspicuously carried on for many

years by Dr. Thomas McClelland, and to congratulate President McConaughy as well on the rare opportunity opened to him by his election to so responsible an office and on the confidence expressed by the Board of Trustees in such election.

In speaking for the Federation of Illinois Colleges I bring the greetings of some thirty institutions of the State similar in at least one respect to Knox, namely in the fact that they are without State support and rely on a generous public for the maintenance of their work. These Colleges, fifteen years or more ago, came to recognize that they had many interests in common and the Federation was formed to promote their common good. In this Federation, Knox College has always held a conspicuous place and its President and the members of its faculty have contributed in no small part to the service the Federation has been able to render to the progress of education in the State. It is in recognition of this service that I am able to announce the election of Professor Herbert E. Griffith, who has served as Secretary with great acceptability for several years past, to the Presidency of the Federation for the coming year.

You are welcome, President McConaughy, to the association of your fellows in the State, not only because of your own personal qualities and what you will be able to contribute to the wisdom and intelligence of our deliberations, but also because you represent Knox College, an institution esteemed and honored throughout the State.

The election of a new president of an educational institution is an event of great moment. At his installation he comes into an organization already well established with traditions and aims which have marked its career and which embody the purposes of the founders and the wishes of those who have contributed to its development. He is expected to regard all the past with sincere respect and reverence and at the same time to instill new life and energy through his own personality. He must guide the educational policies of the institution in such a way as to embrace all that is best in the newest thought of the advancing times without dealing too harshly with the old that has become imbedded into the framework of the institution through years of unrelaxed effort. He must so commend himself by his social activities and public utterances that friends of the institution will contribute freely to its support and so make possible the work of education for which it was founded.

In my boyhood days my home was in a small village near a highway traveled, in the excitement of a gold discovery, by a multitude of carriages of all descriptions. It was a part of my pastime to watch the four, six, and eight horse coaches as they went back and forth day by day. Sometimes a well known coach with familiar attachments would appear in the distance with new life and unaccustomed speed. On observation it would be discovered that there was a new driver on the box and this explained the change. The guiding reins were held in an unaccustomed way and the horses were restive. While the old coach would rock to and fro, the passengers would show signs of anxiety and the onlookers would wonder what next would happen. After a few trips to and from the mine, however, it could be noticed that confidence had been re-established, the coach was steady, the horses were pulling contentedly, the passengers had lost their nervousness, and the new ways of the new driver were subjects of general approval.

The new president of a college has many tasks at his hand. He has glorious opportunities and many hidden pitfalls of false policy to avoid. He is permitted to

lead the way to new accomplishments in education and to build up an institution which will serve for good many generations after him. He may guide the youth of his day into a richer and happier life and instill in them a love of truth such as the untrained cannot know. He may leave for himself a monument of accomplishment and devotion such as may well be the admiration of all men consecrated to the service of their fellows. It is to such opportunities and obligations, President McConaughy, that I with others, and in the name of the Federation of Illinois Colleges, welcome you to-day.

IN BEHALF OF THE ALUMNI

By PRESIDENT BURT, of the Y. M. C. A. College

The sons and daughters of Knox bring loyal greetings to their Alma Mater on this opening of a new day in her life.

We are glad always to be numbered as Knox men and women. We are proud to bear her name. We are honored in wearing her colors.

The greeting which we bring comes from near and far. Knox men and women are found in every continent. They are in all lands. They are living their lives and doing their work in every nook and corner of our own great Nation.

Our greetings come from the older and from the younger men. Many hold allegiance to the Knox of McClelland and Finley. Others, among whom I count it a privilege to be one, remember with affection and cherish as among the choice possessions of life, the Knox days spent under the leadership of Bateman, Hurd, Churchill, Comstock, Willard and Reed. Others here present, although their numbers are fewer, think back to the days of Gulliver, Curtis and Blanchard.

Knox men and women believe in Knox College. They believe in and rejoice in her splendid past—in the foundations of Christian democracy, of high altruistic ideals, of devotion to truth, of sacrificial living, and of Christian faith, upon which her years of service have been builded.

We believe in the Knox of to-day and of to-morrow—in the devotion, ability and high purpose which dominate the men and women who are in her present day leadership.

We live in a time when much is said of new conditions, methods, standards, objectives. Knox College must be an institution of to-day—not of yesterday. It must minister to its own generation. Yet we are reminded that methods and viewpoints may change, while principles abide and we believe that the Knox contribution to the generation of to-day will be given through adherence to the principles which have made glorious her past.

THE INDUCTION OF THE PRESIDENT

By VICE-PRESIDENT GEORGE A. LAWRENCE

Membership upon the Board of Trustees of Knox College not only implies, but involves, unselfish service and responsibility. That responsibility does not cease with merely the maintaining of its leaders, but involves, also, the responsibility of selecting such leaders. That responsibility fell upon our shoulders two years ago, and, Dean Laycock, we did not "have to go down to the hills of New Hampshire," as suggested by you in your congratulatory remarks, to locate the whereabouts of the man who was doing you faithful service, but we heard of him in the State of Georgia, from Massachusetts, very widely in the State of New York, and most emphatically in the State of Connecticut; and we did not even hazard a trip to New Hampshire to determine that we were interested in a personal inspection of him; and I wish to say to you, Dr. McConaughy, that as the result of such investigation, and of subsequent personal contact, you have won and possess the entire confidence and support of our Board of Trustees; and now it is my very pleasant duty and privilege, on behalf of the Board of Trustees of Knox College, hereby to invest you, James Lukens McConaughy, with the appellation and rights, the dignities, responsibilities and powers of President of Knox College, and I publicly so proclaim you.

On behalf of the Board, I pledge to you the undivided, unanimous support of the Trustees of the College, of its Faculty, and I believe with their acquaintance of the past few months, I can add, of the entire student body, as well as of the citizenry of Galesburg, to a membership in which I also most cordially welcome you.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

THE FUTURE OF THE COLLEGE IN THE MIDDLE WEST

By PRESIDENT McCONAUGHY

The college in the Middle West is no longer on trial. It has been for two decades. The half century preceding this period of trial was the time of college establishment and growth. Pioneers from the East, devoted to the cause of learning and of religion, gave of their time and money in order that this frontier country might have educational advantages. The institutions prospered, particularly when they were guided by presidents like our Dr. Bateman. Then came the period of state university development; you who come to us from the East can scarcely realize that the colleges of the Middle West were nearly entirely and permanently eclipsed. During the nineties, Knox and practically all her sister colleges fought for their very existence. State universities, in which every taxpayer had a personal interest, far surpassed the colleges in equipment and in support and in the extent of instruction offered—and these tests were then supposed to apply equally to college and university. President Harper, in planning for the University of Chicago, clearly indicated his belief that the small college should either die entirely or become a junior college offering only the first and second years of college work. Ten years ago one of the most respected university administrators in the Middle West, when invited to become president of a great New England college, refused, saying that he thought the four-year college had no future in this university age. The idea of a college offering only a two-year course has been welcomed on these middle western prairies; here has developed the junior college attached to the high school; here a state university has effected an arrangement whereby nearly a score of colleges—ill-equipped and ill-endowed—have been transformed into junior colleges, whose students attend the state university for their junior and senior years. To offer elementary college work to high school graduates who can not leave their homes is fully in keeping with American democratic education; to make over weak colleges into strong two year junior colleges is certainly an evidence of educational progress. But when practically all the middle western colleges were urged to give up their junior and senior years and, therefore, their degrees and their independent existence, the college men protested.

Historically and actually, the college is the distinctive American institution for higher education. England, which gave us our educational ancestry, hardly knows to-day what a university is, as we use the word. Cardinal Newman, when he wrote "The Idea of a University" was thinking of the small colleges that make up Oxford and Cambridge. To-day you can visit those inspiring institutions without finding any evidences of a university—the spires of Oxford crown no professional schools; those hoary colleges look not down upon boys bent on vocational, "practical," money-earning courses. For two hundred and fifty years Harvard was a college and nothing more. As the term university is understood in the Middle West, Yale and Princeton are much more colleges than universities; in both, the college is far more important than the professional schools. The president of the Carnegie Foundation was speaking from a knowledge of American education, old and new, east and west, when he said: "The most permanent factor in our educational system is the American college."

The colleges of the plains are themselves largely to blame for their threatened eclipse by the universities. Too many of our colleges thought, twenty-five years ago, that their only hope of salvation lay in imitating the universities, in adding professional departments, schools of commerce, schools of agriculture, teachers' courses, and in undertaking extension work. Many of them discarded the glorious name "college" for the indefinite, almost indefinable title "university." They did not see that their greatest opportunity lay in being unlike the universities, in stressing those features of an education which a publicly supported and controlled institution can not, at least so fully, develop. They added new courses, trying to compete quantitatively, when more wisely they would have lopped off unnecessary courses from their curriculum and, by concentrating on fewer subjects, better taught, could have competed qualitatively. In some cases, they appealed for state financial support, overlooking the fact that state support means state control. Yale, Williams, Oberlin, Haverford and nearly all our famous colleges have made their contribution to the nation, free from public control; their motto has been "for the state" but not "under the state." In the classroom, too, it has been hard to keep the colleges from becoming a weak imitation of a university. Professors, trained in university graduate schools, too easily fall into the habit of looking upon teaching as less important than erudite scholarship; they are tempted to teach the subject, rather than the students. President Hyde of Bowdoin—and has American education seen an abler college president?—frequently said that his greatest task was to secure teachers who had the college ideal, and who would not try to introduce university aims and methods into their classrooms. Speaking eighteen years ago from this platform, at the inauguration of President McClelland, President Judson of Chicago made this pointed statement: "President McClelland, you will find your most difficult task while administering this institution, in keeping young men whom you may select for positions on your faculty from introducing into the work of the college the aims and methods of the university, which have no place whatever in the college."

There is no necessity for competition between college and university to-day; each has its own field, its own methods, its own ideals. The university must teach chiefly about things; the college must teach chiefly about men. If "the proper study of mankind is man," the college need never fear that its field is too limited. There are those who feel that if we had known more about mankind five years ago, we should not have waited two and a half years to take our part in the world war. The university must produce results that can be seen; it must justify itself in the minds of a critical tax-paying public; the college can concentrate on that much less testable quality—character. Even our psychologists have not yet produced scales to show improvement in character and manhood and initiative and resourcefulness and zeal. True, a world war quickly showed that "careless boys at play" would give "their merry youth away for country and for God." But lacking such tests as this, the college must always suffer the criticism of giving a training that can not be seen, or measured by the dollar mark, or demonstrated in a definite test. This indefiniteness of aim explains the vagueness of method for which the college is so frequently criticized. Falling, as we do, far short of our ideal, we of the colleges yet feel that the education of the stuff of manhood is as necessary as the education of the head and the hand.

There are many signs that our university friends are recognizing the value of

the education given at a real college. It seems to be true that the best students of law, and medicine and even agriculture, come from colleges where they studied only literature and language and science and mathematics. Universities that give "short courses" and demand no bachelor's degree for admission to their law and medical schools are realizing the truth of this. In education, speed and short cuts do not always indicate progress. Three months ago the president of our great state university—of which every loyal Illinois citizen is most proud—said, referring to the type of students desired at the university's professional schools: "I would prefer to take a young man after four years in a small Christian college without any technical training than to take him after an equal time in preparatory technical work." President Wilson, shortly after his inauguration, made this interesting comment upon the basis of his choice of members of his cabinet: "In choosing men for my cabinet I found I was much more likely to choose men who had not been in too great a hurry to get into their life work." We Americans are a speedy people; we dislike to waste time on courses that appear "unnecessary." Instead of a lengthened "period of infancy" many an educational leader is demanding an earlier specialization in our schools. Their cry is "less time wasted on cultural courses, and more time devoted to practical, efficient subjects." Germany led the world in practical, vocational education; her pupils began in their early 'teens the specialized training for their professions. France, on the contrary, insisted on a general training first, and a postponement of specialization as long as possible; no student is admitted to her universities to begin his professional work, until he has secured his bachelor's degree in a college. Which country should America copy? Listen to the verdict of a noted critic of American education, who knew intimately the evils of the German system: "It can always be found that it is the general education that pays best, and the more the period of cultural work can be expanded, the more efficient will be the services of the institution for the practical service of the nation." Some of our greatest universities are beginning to feel that the abandonment of all work for the bachelor's degree and concentration on professional and graduate work would increase their usefulness to the nation.

If Knox College is to remain true to the college ideal, we must stress those features of our task which are peculiarly the responsibility of the college: character training, breadth of vision, and mental mastery.

First, we must realize that we are striving to develop character as well as to train minds. No task is more indefinite; in none is it more difficult to measure the progress attained. Mere knowledge will never of itself lead to human welfare. The more education a thief has, the worse hindrance is he to society's progress. Germany hideously exemplified a nation of highly trained minds and of undeveloped, selfish characters. The most obvious lesson that we have learned from four years of world-wide bloodshed is that knowledge minus character equals Kultur, equals German rapine and destruction. Only individuals whose characters have been untrained or wrongly trained, believe that might makes right, that the sword can triumph above ideals. England and America, almost wholly lacking knowledge of warfare, with almost no trained troops to oppose the German hordes, proved that ideals can gain knowledge and can triumph over selfish efficiency, which mocks at character and scoffs at truth and mercy and unselfishness. It would be prejudiced and unfair to suggest that the universities do not train the characters of their students. University

boys responded loyally to their country's call. But there is no doubt that usually the college touches the character of its students more deeply than does the university. The university is of necessity limited by its public control and its tremendously broad task. No real college teacher could say, as has many a university instructor: "If I teach my courses well I feel that my duty is done and I do not concern myself with the private life of my students." Many a tax-paying father has intimated that the only responsibility of the university was to teach his son, without any consideration of his mental or moral habits. In the development of character the two superior opportunities the college possesses are its limited size and its emphasis on Christian training. In a university of one to six thousand, the individual is too often lost; he is not touched by the various forces active for character formation; this is doubly true if the student is a boy or girl just out of high school, who has never been away from home before. The college, usually having an enrollment of about five hundred, strives to bring each student in touch with every factor that makes for deepened character; in classroom, athletic field and social organization there should be an opportunity for every one of the five hundred. Classes must be small, and the touch between teacher and student personal and intimate, both inside and outside the classroom. The sports must be for all, not the vicarious type of athletics so often found where a 'varsity team secures all the training, and the participation by the rest of the students is lung and pocketbook participation alone.

However, for character development in our colleges size is much less potent than Christian training. I do not believe for one minute that our universities are "godless" or "pagan." They can not, however, bring their students, as intimately as can we, to that greatest force in all character building: Christian principles. A college that is not Christian is not a college at all. The administration of the college should be Christian, believing in the Christian doctrines of individual responsibility and of the second chance. The faculty must be Christian in spirit and Christian in their daily lives; the university may have a place for the professor who is an agnostic; the college certainly has not. Preaching in the classroom is never needed; exemplification, rather than explanation, of Christian principles should be the ideal. The daily chapel service may become an inspiring force in the life of the college. The emphasis the college places upon Christianity brings in one of its gravest temptations: stressing the form of religion alone, and becoming narrowly sectarian. The college under the control of one denomination needs constantly to fight this danger. Knox has been free from denominational control for three-fourths of its history; our danger may be in aloofness to the individual denominations and a feeling of too great independence. But whatever be the character of the religious life in each college, I feel confident that no student should go through one of our colleges without becoming a better Christian citizen for all his later days.

The second great task of the college is to broaden men's minds. The university must specialize; must turn out farmers and doctors and lawyers; the college product is men and women. Our boys and girls must be trained to see the other person's point of view. This is mental reciprocity; it is what the Germans lacked. It develops sense of proportion, of "give and take," of imagination, humor and sympathy. Students' minds all too quickly become fixed in one mould. The true college will ever be raising the horizon of its students. The presence of students from foreign lands helps greatly. The student body should represent a cross-section of life, with sons of

well-to-do and poor mingling together, with boys and girls from various parts of the country side by side, and members of different denominations learning that we all worship the same God. College should be a place for rubbing off corners, for training to live with those a little different from ourselves. That college may call itself happy that is set "by the side of the road where the race of men goes by," for the men and women of to-morrow must not be sheltered in a nursery or hothouse during their college days. The social organizations of a college, if democratic in ideals, may be of definite value in training immature boys and girls to "give and take," to understand one another. College discipline should be a training in coöperation; through a student council young men and women may learn to take their share of responsibility for the welfare of the college and for the happiness of each student in the group. Plato's vision of the ideal state may fairly be revised by substituting "college" for "state" to picture the social coöperation sought for in the ideal college:

What should the college aim at? What is the greatest good and what the greatest evil that can come to it? Can we find any greater evil than that which draws it apart? or a greater good than that which unites it and makes it one? The college which comes nearest to an individual in its feelings, so that it is like a man, is nearest the ideal. The best college is nearest to this: when one student suffers good or evil, the college regards his experience as its own and feels joy or pain with him.

The curriculum, however, furnishes the greatest opportunity for developing breadth of view in our students. The languages and literatures of other peoples should open the mind of the boy and girl to worlds they never may see with the physical eye, but may visualize with the mental eye. The sciences and mathematics, if taught as living subjects, should open up new vistas to the thoughtful boy or girl. History recreates the past so that we may better understand the present. Where can this broadening purpose of a college education be better stated than in the words of President Hyde, who defines the offer of the college thus: "To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count nature a familiar acquaintance, and art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket, and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake."

Finally, the college must be a place where brains are trained. "As a man thinketh, so is he." President Butler has shown that Germany's knell was due to a false psychology and a crude economics: a psychology without a soul and an economics without a vision. Both were the result of a training that narrowed rather than broadened the mind. Unless our colleges can stimulate their students to real mental endeavor, we fail in our task. These are significant words from a recent English educational writer:

To turn out boys with pleasant manners, generous hearts and good animal spirits is not enough; we want boys and girls with trained intelligence, who have been made to use their brains and taught that not to use them is a sin. . . . Every boy and girl who grows up mindless, ignorant or intellectually undisciplined, is so much dead weight hanging around the neck of the community, and ought to be made to feel it.

The educational world is befuddled with much chattering regarding mental discipline and transfer of training. As the noise ceases, we gain the assurance that the languages and sciences and history, cast into the discard by the over-modern education as impracticable and inefficient, still remain the best mental pabulum for growing minds. I find no basis for the statement that the war has demonstrated the ne-

cessity of vocationalizing all our college courses. Vocational work can be better done in the university. True, a college like Knox may wisely offer in the last two years courses of practical value to those preparing for life work in callings where professional training beyond college graduation is not usually required; for example, business, teaching, journalism and social service. But our greatest mental efforts will be exerted to stimulate the minds of freshmen and sophomores, impressionable, immature, undecided about their future. To accomplish this we must have the ablest classroom teaching we can secure. Our faculty must be teachers first, and scholars second. I dream of the day when Knox College will offer to its five hundred students not over two hundred and fifty semester courses, each one taught by a professor. We shall be approaching our ideal when on our faculty we have only those teachers whose value to the college has been so clearly demonstrated that we desire to give them professorial rank. In order that all their ability and energy may go into their teaching, we must see that our professors are relieved from financial worry; salaries must be at least twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars. With this increase in teaching efficiency must come a new library building, providing seminar rooms for the small advanced courses. Teaching equipment to-day is not rooms with blackboard and chalk; it must include books and surroundings which make it pleasant to use them. Speed the day when Knox's educational attainments may be furthered by an adequate, well-equipped library.

These, then, are some of the ideals of this prairie college: a consecration to the work of a college, without university adornments; a deepened emphasis on the development of Christian character; an increased breadth of vision among our students, and an intensified intellectual power within them. If Knox has done the task she strives to accomplish, her students will leave her with stronger moral principles, higher ideals of living, and a better knowledge of how to think clearly; and what else is needed to make them good citizens? Knox may well boast of her ideals and standards; these have always been high, no matter what her attainments have been. True, her equipment falls far short of her ideals. You who come to us from our sister colleges, resplendent with their chapels, dormitories and libraries, realize, with us, that most of our buildings have more connection with Lincoln and Douglas debates than they have with twentieth-century educational needs. But bricks and stones alone do not make a college; though we at Knox hope the day may soon come when we can translate our dreams into more substantial building material.

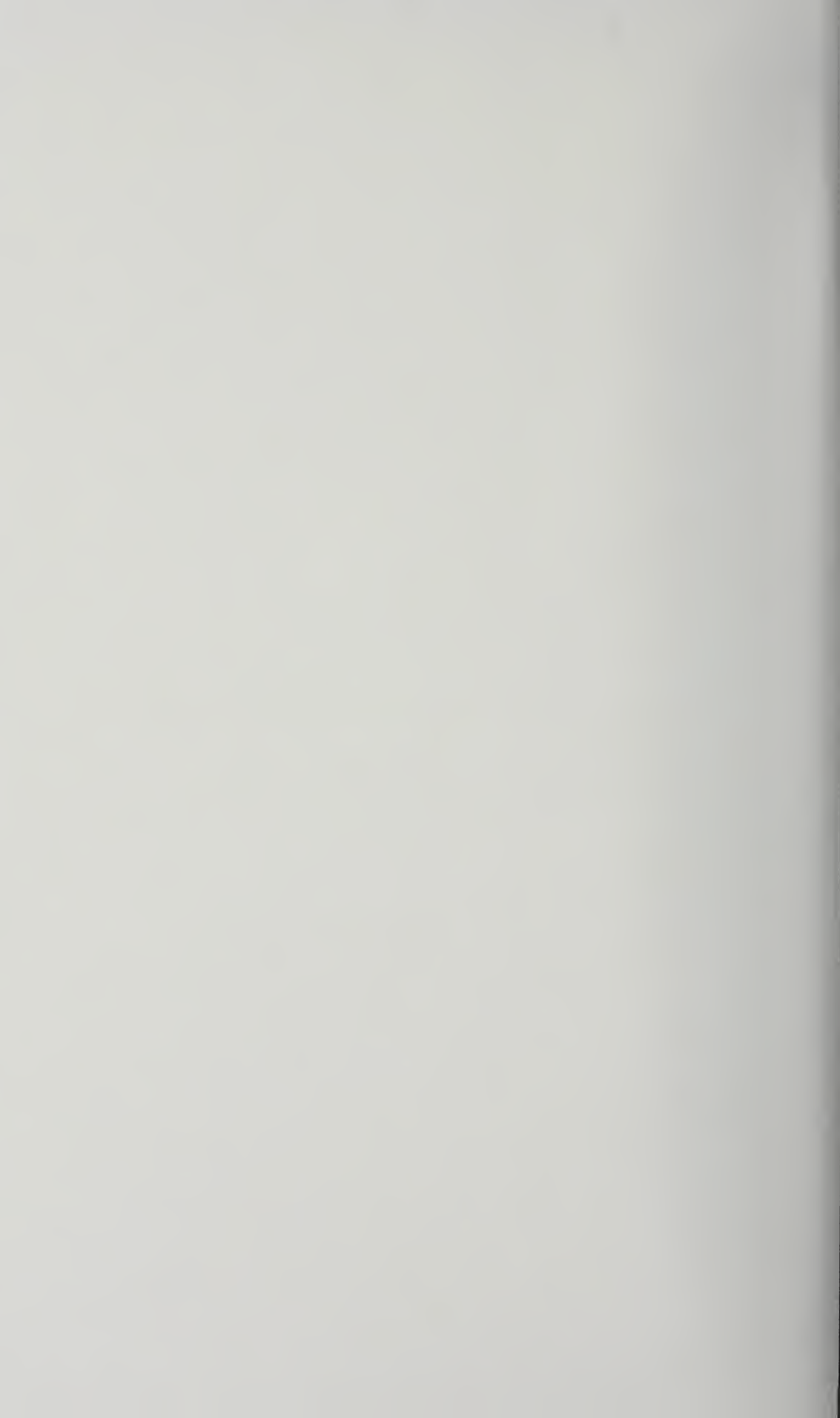
The Knox ideal has ever been unselfish service for state and church. The band of pioneers who left northern New York over eighty years ago did not come west for gain. Crossing by boat and prairie-schooner, they came to found a prairie college which might serve first a city and then a state. To-day, as we reverently gaze at the stars, so many golden, on the service flag, we believe our little college serves a country. We who in this new-made twentieth-century world take up the responsibilities for the future of the college, do so with deep consciousness of the service the pioneers and early teachers have rendered, with a reverence for the ideals they wrought into the college, and with a determination that in days to come, as in days gone by, Knox shall ever teach the truth—"veritas."



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